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The Week

MR. HOOVER is beginning early to realize some of the horrors of the presidency. As he goes wearily around South America, to the accompaniment of an incessant salvo of good-will speeches, good-will dinners, good-will receptions, good-will photographs and interviews, the desire to eat a crate of lemons and then growl savagely in the faces of all the good-will orators must be nearly irresistible. His errand is commendable, it is useful, but it is intolerably dull to read about, and must be even duller to endure. Meanwhile, a conference is about to assemble in Washington which in the long run may have even more serious consequences for our relations with Latin America than Mr. Hoover's peace trip on a battleship. On December 10 begins the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration, at which nearly all the Latin-American states and the United States will be represented. This is really an adjourned meeting of the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana last January: the deadlock over arbitration in that conference was so serious that in desperation the Americans proposed that the matter be held over until a special meeting could be devoted to it. They hoped, doubtless, that "something would turn up" in the meantime; but in fact, they are rather worse off now than they were then. For in the meantime, the Kellogg treaty has come along. It is highly important from the United States' point of view that Latin America should adhere to this; but the chief states south of the Rio Grande show no inclination just yet to accept it. They want to know first what we mean to do about the Monroe Doctrine; and they want to know whether we are ready as yet to abandon our attitude toward arbitration, which has been, in essence, that we are willing to arbitrate up to a point, but never without keeping our military and naval strength as our final argument. It is likely, Hoover trip or no Hoover trip, that we are about to hear some of the plainest speaking about our attitude toward the rest of America that has yet been uttered.

MR. COOLIDGE'S message to Congress runs along familiar lines. As usual, he makes a lengthy series of recommendations on all sorts of subjects; and as usual, it is certain that most of the advice will be ignored. There can be, he says, no further tax reduction at present, and he warns Congress that expenditures in the coming session must be cut to a minimum in order to prevent a deficit. He praises the Kellogg treaty and in the next paragraph demands fifteen additional cruisers for our navy. He wants the Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals questions settled by the application of a maximum of private enterprise, though he is a little vague as to just what this means in practice. For labor, after reciting statistics about the increases in wages since 1922 (but ignoring the fact that there has been little average increase since 1923), he proposes only that "the government should cooperate with private interests to eliminate the waste arising from industrial accidents." On the question of a public building program he is in complete disagreement with Mr. Hoover's ideas; instead of thinking that building should be postponed during the present "era of prosperity more extensive than [the country] has ever before experienced," he notes with satisfaction that public building is being "carried forward as rapidly as possible." In regard to the administration of Indian affairs, he shows an unexpected progressivism by endorsing the policy

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of transferring much of the burden from the federal government to the states. Pointing out that there are now 900 legal advisors scattered through various government departments, he urges that these individuals be transferred to the Department of Justice, an action which would presumably result in the elimination of much duplication of effort and in the elimination of some of the people who are doing it.

HE PRAISES what we have done in Nicaragua, is mildly complacent about our relations with China and Mexico, and urges the settlement of the Greek and Austrian debts. He warns Congress that we are already expending three quarters of a billion dollars a year on veterans, points out that, even under existing legislation, this sum will grow before it begins to shrink, and urges that no additional obligations should be undertaken at present. On agricultural relief he repeats what he said before, as he does on the merchant marine. There should be no new appropriations for waterways, he thinks, in view of the large sum already pledged for deepening and improving rivers and harbors, and for flood relief. He wants conservation of our oil resources, slight and unimportant modification of the immigration law to give preference to the learned professions and industrial experts, and the abolition of double taxation for American citizens doing business in the Philippines. He says a few words about prohibition, from which no one would suspect that the noble experiment is not succeeding nobly. Long after these detailed statements and recommendations are forgotten, however, people will remember his astonishing statement that this country's enviable position is mainly due to "the integrity and character of the American people," a remark so breath-taking in its implications and in what it leaves out of consideration that reason staggers before it.

IT WILL be long before India ceases to feel the reverberations from the death of Lala Rajpat Rai, which took place on November 17. First despatches simply attributed his death to "heart failure"; but his family and friends believe that this heart failure was itself the result of injuries he received, from some source, during the riots which attended the arrival of the Simon Commission. His death will therefore be laid at England's door, and will probably prove, as C. F. Andrews calls it, the happening which "has done more to throw back the possibilities of reconciliation, as far as human eyes can foresee, than any other recent event." Lajpat Rai, while he never played quite the part of a Gandhi or a Das, was of great value to the cause of Indian nationalism. Knowing both the West and the East, he was able to interpret each to the other not in any spirit of mean compromise but with the aim of reconciliation through understanding. Persecuted all his life by the British rulers of India, dogged by spies wherever he went, at times the object of suspicion among his fellow Indians because of his friends in the labor movement in England, he nevertheless did a fine work, the value of which can perhaps only be appreciated now that he is gone.

PRESIDENT Green, Vice-President Matthew Woll, and other leaders of the American Federation of Labor charged in speeches at the recent convention that Brookwood Labor College was engaged in propagating Communism. The charges were apparently based upon reports of three or four former students. Other students, members of the staff, and officials of the unions who have been in touch with Brookwood, and who are not Communists, deny the allegations. Clearly such charges cannot be thus proved in the judgment of any fair-minded person. The methods of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. in deciding to outlaw Brookwood are precisely the same as those of the most reactionary employers who decide to outlaw a union for "radicalism," on the testimony of spies. The New Republic, which is opposed to Communism, and has condemned the American Communists for the injury which their tactics have wrought to the trade unions, believes that in this instance the American Federation of Labor is quite wrong in its conclusion. At any rate, its methods constitute one of those mistakes in strategy which confer irreparable and deep injury upon the labor movement. It will, in the first place, obstruct any benefit which might arise from Brookwood itself. More important still, however, it will revolt those forward-looking persons throughout the community whose good will has so often been important to unions in their struggles. It once was President Green's policy to engage the coöperation of such persons. Many will unfortunately forget that the constructive activities of the constituent unions are not accurately represented by a violent and unjust action of this sort.

THE AMERICAN Federation of Labor did a stupid thing in a bungling way when it voted at New Orleans to expunge from its records a tribute to, and a quotation from, Dr. John Dewey which had previously been entered there. The action was taken on the alleged ground that Dr. Dewey had "aligned himself with Bolshevist propaganda," presumably referring to the fact that he visited Soviet Russia last summer as head of a delegation of educators, and that he is now writing his impressions of that country for the New Republic. The notion that he is thereby "aligning himself with Bolshevist propaganda" is both false and, of course, absurd. It could only arise from gross and reckless ignorance, or else from the desire on the part of someone, for political reasons which are not at present apparent, to make a public gesture of extreme conservatism, even though it involves an unjustified assault upon the reputation of a great philosopher and humanist.

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BIT BY BIT, the evidence is being pieced together which should at last convince even men like Governor Fuller and President Lowell that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a fair trial and were in all human probability innocent of the crime with which they were charged. Only a few weeks ago the New York Outlook presented a confession from one of the participants in the Bridgewater case, for which Vanzetti was tried and found guilty while waiting for his joint trial with Sacco for the more serious South Braintree affair. This participant exonerated Vanzetti in a statement which, accompanied as it was by corroborative material, should be convincing to any intelligent and open-minded person. Now comes another important item of evidence, in the columns of the New York World. It will be remembered that the police, the prosecution, Governor Fuller and his advisors all laid stress on the supposed participation of one "Boda" in the South Braintree crime. Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in the first place, because they had been two of the four Italians (another of whom was "Boda") who called at a garage for "Boda's" automobile. "Boda" was alleged to have hidden the "murder car" in his shed, to have dug holes in the ground under that shed, presumably in which to hide the money, and to have hung burlap bags over the windows of the shed, supposedly for some sinister purpose which was never made very clear. Yet despite his importance in their theory of the case, the police would seem never to have made any very serious effort to apprehend him, or to recover the money taken in the hold-up, which they supposed him to have. As soon as they caught Sacco and Vanzetti, they lost interest in "Boda" and in the money, not one cent of which was ever found.

BUT NOW, "Boda" has been found, by Edward Holton James, a nephew of William James, the philosopher, and Henry James, the novelist. He has been exiled by the Mussolini government, for his political views (he is an anarchist), to the island of Lipari, where Mr. James visited him and subjected him to a cross-examination which occupied, in all, fifteen hours' time. "Boda" turns out to be Mario Buda. He tells a straightforward, plausible-sounding story, denying that Sacco, Vanzetti or himself had anything to do with the South Braintree crime. Buda says the holes in the earth beneath his shed were made when he dug out stones. The burlap bags were hung over the windows to keep out the cold of a bitter winter. He points out that there could hardly have been any tire tracks from the "murder car" in the earth, because the shed's lintel was so far off the ground that boards were slanted across it and Buda's car stood on these. Buda says, moreover, that the Massachusetts authorities could have found him readily at any time in the past eight years, if they had cared to do so, to establish the truth or falsity of the finespun theories which were advanced to the jury, and which helped send Sacco and Vanzetti to their death. But the authorities, from the first to the last, never really wanted to find out the truth. Whatever may have been the conscious processes of their minds, unconsciously they wanted only such evidence, no matter how flimsy, as would support them in putting to death the shoemaker and the fish peddler who were of such humble social rank and harbored such unpleasant ideas.

Naval Parity or Naval Pooling?

NOTHING has happened to change the physical background of the naval question for the United States or Great Britain since the breakdown of the Geneva conference on cruiser limitation over a year ago. But much has happened to change the mental background, and of late this ominous situation has been stirring minds and tongues at a bewildering pace. We have the big-navy Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives writing to the Prime Minister of Great Britain to suggest a conference between committees of Parliament and the House—thus inviting icy stares from the Department of State for his trespass on the sacred preserves of diplomacy, and giving Mr. Baldwin the awkward task of finding a way to welcome a friendly gesture without offending the executive department of our government. We have Representative La Guardia, who doubtless has a more genuine interest in disarmament than Mr. Britten, following suit with a resolution directing the Secretary of State to negotiate such a conference. We have Senator Borah, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, offering a rider to the cruiser-construction bill which provides for a conference on maritime law.

But even more significant developments have taken place on the other side of the Atlantic. Lord Lee of Fareham, recognizing the senseless drift toward naval competition, proposed a negotiation between two outstanding leaders, one on each side. The more intelligent of the British journals have recognized that there must be an understanding on sea law before the cruiser difficulty can be cleared away; some have even gone so far as to advocate, in Britain's own interest, a surrender to the American position on freedom of the seas as urged by the Wilson administration before our entrance into the War. Finally, we have the conservative and influential London Economist pointing out that domination of the seas has throughout history been seized by one great power after another, that there has always been a newcomer among nations to challenge it, that sea power has never been relinquished by its possessor without a struggle, and that unless plans are wisely laid to prevent history from repeating itself in this particular, Great Britain as the possessor and the United States as the challenger of sea power are headed straight for a similar collision.

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All this interest and this plain speaking mark a tremendous advance toward the solution of the problem. The Geneva conference amply demonstrated, as the New Republic was almost alone in pointing out at the time, that the dispute is incapable of resolution in purely physical terms of parity in fighting weapons, or by consideration of the so-called "needs" of the respective nations as interpreted by naval experts. We must get back to policy in order to know the uses of the fleets. And this requires an agreement on policy, plus, of course, a real demand for disarmament surging up from the public which will put irresistible pressure upon the governments.

It will be remembered that at the Geneva conference both nations proceeded on the assumption that they were seeking parity. The United States wanted a limitation of the total tonnage of cruisers, large and small; Great Britain wanted a bigger limit than the United States, and also insisted that the tonnage and armament of large cruisers be limited. If it were not, the British Admiralty would be faced with two alternatives, equally unacceptable: one, to build as many and as powerful large cruisers as the United States and thus to have room within the total tonnage quota for an insufficient number of small cruisers for patrol of the seas in war; and the other, to build as many small cruisers as she believed necessary, leaving the United States a superiority in fighting strength. The United States replied that she could not assent to such limitation of large cruisers as Britain desired, since with our fewer naval bases we needed more ships of long cruising radius to give us real parity in sea patrol, even though we had as many small cruisers as Britain. Even a superficial consideration of this deadlock reveals that universal parity is a mirage, because of the differing needs of the nations under different circumstances. Parity in fighting strength is one thing, parity in protection of commerce another, parity in establishing a blockade is a third. Parity in home waters demands one type of limitation, parity in distant seas another. There is no way out of the maze except to reconcile the naval policies of the two nations. And there is no way to do that except to agree upon the purposes for which, and the circumstances in which, the fleets are to be used. Members of Congress and of Parliament, or single leaders of light and learning, would be just as helpless as the naval experts to achieve parity with limitation, unless the functions of the respective navies were first clearly defined and agreed upon.

Any limitation conference must start with the assumption that the two nations will not arm to fight each other; if it did not, the conference would be absurd, since if there were to be a war between them the only sensible thing for each to do would be to arm to the teeth. The next assumption, necessary in consequence of Great Britain's membership in the League of Nations and the probable adhesion of both nations to the Kellogg treaty, is that neither will resort to aggressive warfare, or to war "as the instrument of national policy"—a phrase which in its outcome amounts to the same thing, since if any nation did resort to war as an instrument of policy it would necessarily be an aggressor, would violate the Kellogg treaty, and hence would release other nations from their obligations under it. Assume, for the sake of carrying the analysis further, that there were some mutually satisfactory way of deciding when a nation had become an aggressor, or had resorted to war as an instrument of policy. The function of the fleets of both nations would then be that of an international marine police. They might have to fight the navy of the aggressor. But each alone is so far superior in naval force to any other country except the other that this would offer no barrier to drastic limitation of ships for fighting purposes. There remains, then, the policing of sea-borne commerce. This has two aspects: the protection of friendly ships from hostile submarines or raiders, and the control of ships trading with the enemy, whether by blockade, search or seizure. The latter is the issue concerning which the two nations have an unresolved conflict of long standing, which became acute between 1914 and 1917. This is the issue which needs to be settled before the limitation of cruisers can be effected.

If neither nation is to fight the other, there are only two possibilities left: one, in which both are belligerents against a possible aggressor, the other in which one is a belligerent while the other is a neutral. In the first case, there can be no conflict of policy. Both can easily agree on the law of blockade, of search and seizure, and of contraband, to be applied. The sizes and nature of the fleets necessary for these purposes can readily be determined. But if one were a belligerent while the other remained neutral, the belligerent would probably wish to use naval power to its fullest extent in order to interrupt trading with the enemy, while the other would wish to curb such interference as much as possible. But under what circumstances could such a situation arise? Only in one of two cases: when the belligerent of the two powers was undertaking, without the aid of the other, disciplinary measures against an internationally declared aggressor, or when it was engaging in a so-called "private war" permitted by the League of Nations or under a reservation of the Kellogg treaty. In the first case, the neutral could hardy deny the right of the belligerent to use its sea power to the utmost. In the second case, however, the traditional "freedom of the seas" as interpreted by the United States in the first part of the World War ought clearly to prevail. For this case would be the vestigial survival of the old world order when wars were allowed to individual nations as instruments of policy, and therefore the path of the belligerent ought not to be smoothed. This is, in substance, the suggestion of Mr. Charles P. Howland, in his

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"Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1928."

With such an agreement on naval policy, the will-o'-the-wisp of parity would disappear from the picture. Limitation of both small and large cruisers would be easy. The questions before the British Admiralty would be: What armament would be necessary to resist naval attacks by any other nation than the United States, and what armament would be necessary to police the commerce of any other nation than the United States, if the United States did not interfere? The questions before the American Board of Strategy would be the converse of these.

A striving for physical parity in a world of anarchy on the seas can only result in competition, and, eventually, conflict. A pooling of the naval forces of Great Britain and the United States in a world of anarchy might be possible, but would constitute for the other nations an insupportable imperialistic menace. But pooling of the navies under a world order is not only possible but entirely desirable, if only the maritime laws of war can be brought in consonance with the beginnings of world order which have already been achieved. To do so, whether by the Howland formula or some other, is indeed a difficult task. It will require the modification of firm traditions of both nations—British naval supremacy and American isolation. But if the League of Nations means anything, and if the Kellogg treaty means anything, the job can be done. Naval disarmament by the United States and Great Britain thus becomes, in a very concrete sense, the acid test of the efforts of both nations to organize peace on earth.

Mr. Coolidge's Paradise

THERE are no surprises in the President's message to Congress. The recommendations in it he has either made before, or they are thoroughly in accord with his general attitude of mind and policies. Most of them will be disregarded by Congress as so many of his previous pieces of advice have been. Washington is marking time until the fourth of next March; the Coolidge administration is approaching sunset, and already the President's words are interesting more for what they reveal of the color of his mind than for any practical results they will produce.

From this viewpoint his introduction and his peroration are the most significant passages; they are in complete accord with the general tone of the Armistice Day speech which produced such an unpleasant impression in Europe. Mr. Coolidge is enormously pleased with America and Americans as they exist today—or as he believes them to exist. He says flatly that "no Congress of the United States ever assembled, on surveying the state of the Union, has met with a more pleasing prospect than that which appears at the present time." He finds "tranquillity," "contentment," "harmonious relations between management and wage earner," "the highest record of years of prosperity." The country can "regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism." We have entered "the charmed circle of diminishing expenditures, diminishing tax rates and increasing profits." To what is all this due? "The main source of these unexampled blessings lies in the integrity and character of the American people."

When Mr. Coolidge paints this picture he speaks, of course, more as a lawyer making a case than as a scientist intent on showing the shadows as well as the bright spots. From his own message, in its subsequent passages, we learn that this "era of prosperity more extensive and of peace more permanent than this country has ever before experienced" is subject to grave qualifications. Despite the "era of peace" he urges the building of cruisers, to cost a quarter of a billion dollars. This is in addition to other expenditures for defense which are now running at the rate of nearly seven hundred million a year and to a bill for relief of veterans of previous wars which is in excess of three quarters of a billion and is still growing. He also devotes much consideration to the grave depression in agriculture, and might have put more stress on coal and textiles as two other major industries which are seriously ill. Only a few months ago our industry was sufficiently depressed so that, according to the most reliable figures available, more than four million men were out of work. A responsible economist, Mr. Virgil Jordan, declared last week that our prosperity is largely mythical, being centered upon various new devices to be classed as luxuries, the sale of which is stimulated by instalment buying. Mr. Coolidge is correct when he says we are prosperous compared to European countries; but when our present condition is measured against our own past, or against any reasonable scale of security, comfort and happiness for the common man, it becomes much less glorious than his bit of delayed campaign oratory would suggest.

For the moment, however, it is less interesting to ponder whether Mr. Coolidge is right or wrong, than to consider his mental processes and their appropriateness to present and future conditions. The President was born in 1872; his formative years came before the passing of the frontier. He grew up in an America where natural resources seemed limitless and were being squandered even more recklessly than they are today. The rest of the world hardly existed; foreign trade was of little economic importance, and the imperialistic urge which came with the Spanish War of 1898 still lay in the future. Probably a majority of all Americans still believed that we are the personal wards of a personal Deity. Business success came, for those powerful enough to grasp it, from individual or corporate effort unaided by government and a *laissez-faire* philosophy was accepted without question.

We shall not pretend that this sort of world has entirely passed away. There are millions of Amer-

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icans who still live in it, and they may continue to do so for a long time to come. Mr. Coolidge's identification of material prosperity with righteousness, his obvious irritation with Europeans for failing to be good and therefore happy like ourselves, his assumption that America is the earthly Paradise —these are sentiments still shared by vast quantities of his fellow countrymen. To some extent they are held by Mr. Hoover, despite the latter's training as an engineer and his long residence in other lands. Yet as we look about us, it is impossible not to believe that Mr. Coolidge's Paradise is necessarily a waning one. The unique set of conditions which brought it about are passing, never to return, though they may in the future be duplicated to some extent in such places as Siberia and the Argentine. Some of our marvelous natural resources are beginning to dwindle; the fertility is being mined out of our best agricultural land, and our farmers find it increasingly difficult to compete in a world market. This is not yet true of our factories; we learned the lesson of mass production sooner and better than anyone else, and can still hold our own against European competition. But we have no eternal control of these practices; the day will come when our methods will be applied in other lands and our own guns turned against us. There is also every reason to believe that foreign markets for certain types of our manufactures will diminish in size, as the "backward" countries begin manufacturing on their own account—having been set up in business in many cases by American capital and with the use of American machines. If these conditions are realized, as seems almost certain, the old *laissez-faire* philosophy, appropriate to pioneer life, will disappear, to be supplanted by an increasing degree of tight social organization for common ends. The complacent assumption that Americans are made of finer stuff than other people is also likely to go down, as we mingle more with foreigners and discover how remarkably alike all human beings are. In that day we may look back upon the paradise in which Mr. Coolidge dwells with such serene confidence, as a momentary condition produced by forces outside the control of our collective intelligence, and destroyed in the same manner. The valedictory which the President has pronounced for his administration is in a way the valedictory for an era as well.

The Literary Racket

THE life of the artist in all ages has been a struggle between, on the one hand, the impulse to create and on the other, the even more primitive impulse to survive. A dead artist obviously cannot paint, carve, sing, dance or write. Almost as obviously a live artist cannot do any of these things as they should be done and still earn a living in some other occupation. He must, therefore, persuade someone else to raise and grind his wheat, build his house and provide the skins or broadcloth with which he camouflages his nakedness. The simplest way of doing this is to be born with flocks, lands or money in the bank which will provide him with a comfortable income regardless of whether he can dispose of his esthetic commodities. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately —the little gods who preside over the birth of genius often neglect this convenient preliminary. The artist, therefore, must contrive to please either a patron or a public, or as is usually the case in this well organized age, some *entrepreneur* whose business it is to mediate between the artist and the public. All art, in so far as it aims to please anyone but the artist, is affected with commercialism. The endowment of artists would change the form of this problem but not its essence. The creative integrity is always in peril.

But this integrity has never been more seriously imperiled than it is at this moment in America, and in no art more than in the art of writing. Successful authorship has never been so fabulously rewarded. The standards by which success is measured have never had so little to do with the soundness of the product. We are speaking now not of such occasional triumphs as those of Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder or Eugene O'Neill, but of the general run of published novels and stories and produced plays. The important factor in what may be fittingly called the literary racket in America is salesmanship. Now salesmanship is not necessarily a vice. It is even a necessity. But its weakness is that it tends to place the emphasis upon the outside of the package. The consequence is that our literature—that is to say, nine-tenths or more of what is actually read by the more or less literate public—is a thing of shiny outsides. A very little corn makes a great deal of Corn Flakes, and a great deal of paraffin paper is needed to cover it. It is difficult for an author to condemn this system in its entirety, since it does, after all, minister abundantly to his physical needs. But authors cannot help being aware that it is dangerous to their spiritual needs, and that in fact it may altogether deny the satisfaction of those needs. If an author's fame is to be measured entirely by the number of books he sells or the size of the income tax he pays, he might as well be a button manufacturer. We find this point of view lately asserting itself within the businesslike portals of the Authors' League.

The president of the League, Mr. Arthur Train, recited in a recent inaugural address to his fellow members the original purposes of the organization. "We had no thought," he said, "of attempting to create a literary aristocracy; all we desired was to prevent unscrupulous publishers to whom we sold our coats taking our underclothes as well. We wanted quite literally our 'rights'—namely, whatever by-products were inherent in our work after it had been sold for a specific purpose—our book, dramatic, movie, second-serial and foreign rights

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when we sold a novel or story to a magazine for serial publication, instead of discovering to our dismay that we had unintentionally and by some mysterious theory of law vested them all in the publisher." These objectives have now been attained. The League has 2,094 members, including nearly every author of note. It revises contracts, it defends claims, it conducts arbitrations, it gives advice, it is invited to send representatives to enlighten legislative committees. All this it has accomplished, as Mr. Train says, "simply as a selling organization." But people insist upon dignifying it with the "function of a national literary society." This Mr. Train concedes it is not. But he fears that, because of the League's necessary preoccupation with the pursuit of the almighty dollar, it is "in danger of encouraging the impression that American authorship is concerned primarily with its financial returns, and is quite willing, as a whole, to be merely the complaisant side-partner of commercial publishing and theatrical enterprise."

It is not easy for the organization to avoid this suspicion so long as its ranks are freely open "to all writers irrespective of the quality of their works," and as long as these writers join for purely economic reasons. It comes to resemble a trade union, whose ultimate goal is the brotherhood of man but whose immediate demand is for 10 percent more in the pay envelope. But Mr. Train thinks he sees a way out. He would cull the Parnassian sheep from among the Grub Street goats. He would set up within the existing Authors' League a Literary Council, "composed of a group of the first literary talent in the country." This group, properly handled, could "make the League a national literary society, without in the slightest degree impairing its commercial efficacy." In short, the cake could be both had and eaten. The Council would send delegates to literary congresses. It would be represented on "ceremonial occasions." Perhaps it would lay corner-stones—Mr. Train does not go into detail on that point. It would "voice the ideals and aims of American letters." Finally, it would "confer annually some distinction for the best work in every branch of literature." Mr. Train remarks with some feeling that its awards "would carry far greater weight than those of the judges of magazine contests, of the literary eunuchs who now gratuitously presume to declare what is best of everything, of the self-constituted committees of busybodies and publicity seekers who bestow birthday honors to the clatter of coffee cups and the tinkle of ice-cream spoons." The National Institute of Arts and Letters stands outside this dismal classification, but its recognition is not for brilliant contemporary work or for the beginning author. Mr. Train suggests a nuclear committee composed, by way of illustration, of Edith Wharton, Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willa Cather, Owen Wister, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Henry Van Dyke, George Kelly, Charles Downer Hazen, Booth Tarkington, Sinclair Lewis, John Livingstone Lowes, Edna Ferber, Wilbur L. Cross, James Henry Breasted, John Dewey, Sidney Howard and Ring Lardner. This initial group might multiply itself until it included perhaps one hundred members. Then it could spit on its hands and start to do something for Art. If it emerged from its first session without bloodshed its verdicts might really mean something.

One cannot help sympathizing with Mr. Train's aspirations; but his remedy for what ails our literature is sadly out of proportion to the disease. We cannot even assume that his plan would accomplish its primary purpose of pinning on medals which everyone would recognize as well earned. Membership on the Literary Council would be in itself an eagerly sought distinction. Mr. Train would delegate the duty of nominating to the present and past officers of the League, giving the rank and file no direct voice. But this would not rule out log-rolling, either in the selection of the Council members or in the making of awards. The one hundred super-authors would have friends, prejudices and emotions. Their limitations as critics might be as marked as their eminence as creative writers. They could add little to the reputation of a work which competent critics had already praised, and do little to rehabilitate one which the critics had condemned. They would be simply another prize-giving, medal-pinning agency. The fact is that devices of this sort are ludicrously out of place if we conceive of art in democratic terms. They tend to emphasize that very reliance upon authority and upon advertising which is at the root of the literary commercialism Mr. Train is eager to avoid. If anything will remove the taint of the marketplace from our literature it will be the education of a reading public sufficiently enlightened to make its own decisions without calling in a committee. To treat authors and readers like school children—which is what the prize-awarding system amounts to—is the best way to assure that they will remain so, or become so. And it is upon the school-child psychology of the American public that the bargain-counter standards which threaten the integrity of our literature have been built up.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Population, Food and Imperialism

GROWTH of population in the United States during the last century and a half, although greater than in any other part of the world, has been accompanied by an extraordinary rise in standards of living, which has led to a belief that this country has the Malthusian specter effectually laid. Our food production, except in the early years of the present century, has increased more rapidly than our population. This happy state, doubtless the source of our widely famed optimism, continues. In the five-year period 1922 to 1926, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, agricultural production in the United States was 14 percent greater than from 1917 to 1921, whereas our population increased less than 9 percent between the mid-years of these two half-decades. The gain in farm production was 50 percent greater than the increase in the nation's food requirements. It might seem from these facts that this country need never fear any serious pressure of population upon subsistence. Yet government statisticians reckon that, unless the rate of population growth drops considerably, rapid technical progress will be needed to avert a decline in standards of living, or heavy dependence on food imports.

It cannot be assumed with any confidence, in short, that our food production will continue to outrun consumption indefinitely. As a matter of fact, as already indicated, it has not always done so in the past. From 1897 to 1921 our food production per capita of the population declined materially, notwithstanding the stimulus given in the last third of that period by war-needs. It was not until after the War that American farm production per capita jumped ahead. In the war period the output of certain products, notably cereals and meats, was increased at the expense of other products, but farm production as a whole showed no material gain. The first two decades of the twentieth century witnessed, for the first time in our history, a growth of population exceeding the increase in farm output.

Although the familiar relationship has now been resumed, with food production again outstripping domestic consumption, the normal tendency in the comparatively near future may be the opposite of what it has generally been heretofore. Rich resources and unrivaled powers of production may help us to lessen, but will not remove, the pressure of population upon subsistence. As yet, we have acquired no immunity from the Malthusian law, nor has mankind anywhere. Growth of population, except when matched by an equal growth of food production, has faced nations in the past with the unpleasant alternative of accepting a lower standard of living or going on the warpath to maintain their economic position. If we ask what chance the United States has of escaping this dilemma, we seem driven to conclude that it has none, except in some as yet undiscovered basis of international coöperation.

Analysis of the food-and-population problem reveals the sources of imperialism. Recent economic interpretations of imperialism give this phenomenon primarily an industrial or financial, rather than an agricultural, *raison d'être*. It would be absurd to deny that certain influences making for imperialism, such as the struggle for oil or for industrial raw materials, can be powerful apart from immediate or urgent connection with food necessities. Yet imperialism resulting from food requirements seems to have a specially implacable character. Imperialistic impulses that come from a desire for more industrial raw materials, or from the hope of increased investment returns, may conceivably be frustrated without working serious damage. It is otherwise with the urge to expansion felt by nations whose numbers make agricultural self-sufficiency impossible. For such peoples imperialism may be an affair of life and death, a mandatory business whose driving force is the Malthusian law. But the connection between food requirements and war is not the simple one that is usually traced. Growth of population does not lead to imperialism always and everywhere, merely by the need of expanding bodies for more space, as will be shown in a moment.

Before proceeding to develop the complex explanation that seems appropriate, it will be well first to observe that the Malthusian doctrine, in its essentials, has not been shaken by a century of battering. Its original mathematical expression may have been discarded, but the best modern authorities agree that production capacity in excess of reproduction capacity is not yet in sight. Dr. O. E. Baker, of the United States Department of Agriculture, to whom the writer is indebted for most of the statistical material used here, allows the United States only a century of grace in which to apply rational checks to the growth of population, so that the population may be kept in a tolerable relationship to our domestic food resources. Efficiency in production cannot free mankind from the danger of an overproduction of people and an underproduction of food. It merely pushes back the danger point, and creates standards of living that hold procreation down. It gives us only a conditional right to life and happiness, since growth

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of population may eventually swallow up its benefits. A sharp reminder that Malthus was right appears in a recent bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, in which the prediction is made that a cheaper diet may some day be imposed on this country by the necessity of conserving land.

That life in all its forms obeys the Malthusian law has been brilliantly demonstrated by Dr. Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins University, in recent experiments with insect, animal, and plant life, and by statistical studies of human populations. Unlimited subsistence and freedom from disease or other calamity would permit organisms to multiply indefinitely, at a rate limited merely by the time necessary for gestation and rearing. Under such conditions, the curve of expansion would always rise. Since all creatures have to be fed, however, their multiplication at a constantly increasing rate is possible only while food supplies are practically unlimited. Food limitations must necessarily change the rising curve into a falling curve, and eventually flatten it out. That is the abstract logic of the Malthusian law. Dr. Pearl shows that life observes it. In all forms of growth, both individual and collective, in human as well as in animal and plant populations, he finds a stretched-out S-curve with flattened ends, the first or rising half representing the principle of reproduction and the second or falling half illustrating the check put on that principle by the limitations of subsistence.

As an inductive proof of what was originally a deductive hypothesis, Dr. Pearl's mathematical demonstration of the Malthusian law is ideal. It is curious, considering the extent to which his own results were deductively anticipated, that he should avow a rather thorough-going distrust of abstract logic. What is important here, however, is the fact that Dr. Pearl finds the same general curve of expansion, until multiplication is checked, among populations of fruit flies, yeast cells, rats, and tadpoles. When he turns to human populations, he finds the same thing. Practically identical S-curves, or segments of such curves, express what is known about the growth of population in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England, Wales, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Japan, Java, the Philippine Islands, and the world as a whole. The curve of growth invariably rises and then falls, as the advantage lies first with reproductive power and then with the opposing environmental limitation. Systole and diastole alternate here as throughout creation. Already a lessening rate of increase, following a sharp curve of expansion, is manifest not only in the populations of North America and Europe, but of the entire world.

This vindication of Malthus, coming after a century of unexampled progress in the arts of production, is of fundamental importance in the consideration of the modern problem of imperialism. Malthus published the first edition of his famous essay on population in 1789. At that time, mineral fertilizers were unknown, farm machinery and methods were primitive, and neither steamships nor railroads were in operation. Had anyone told Malthus that technical progress would permit a trebling of the world's population within a century, he would probably not have been believed. Yet today, on a standard of living much improved in many countries, the world supports 2,000,000,000 people, compared with about 700,000,000 in Malthus' time. This might be deemed rather a disproof than a proof of the Malthusian doctrine, were it not for some stubborn facts, prominent among which is the prevalence of war among nations apparently very successful in dealing with the food problem. Still more conclusive in support of Malthus, however, is the statistical evidence that population growth in the long run tends everywhere, even under strong prudential restraint, to exceed the rate of increase in food production. Technical progress does not suffice for the happiness and safety of growing populations, or dispense with the necessity for checks on reproduction. It is not even an effective substitute for war as a means of increasing food resources, since increased skill in production and an increased application of capital and labor to land do not, beyond a certain point, bring an increased return.

All this, although generally acknowledged by students of the problem, does not prevent lively discussion as to the logic of raising food necessities as an excuse for war. Two considerations apparently lend force to the idea that war is an illogical expedient for nations suffering from pressure of population on subsistence. First it is pointed out that war nowadays diminishes food supplies faster than it diminishes populations. It is certainly true that war increases the *immediate* difficulty of winning subsistence. In Russia during the World War, according to the Department of Agriculture, wheat production decreased about 80 percent, coal production 75 percent, and iron ore production 97 percent, whereas the country's population decreased less than 13 percent. In Europe as a whole, wheat production decreased one-third between the pre-war and the post-war periods, yet the population, except in Russia and France, increased.

But it is necessary to consider the ultimate as well as the immediate economic results of war, particularly, of course, from the standpoint of the victors. Victory may increase both the extent and the security of a nation's food resources, as it unquestionably did many times for the British Empire in the nineteenth century. Indeed, war sometimes enlarges the food supply of the conquered as well as of the conquering peoples. Under British rule, India gained 60,000,000 people from 1871 to 1911, largely as a result of British guidance in the improvement of agriculture. Algeria likewise has increased its native population under foreign do-

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mination. Under certain conditions war may lead to an increase in food supplies by releasing new territories for development; indeed, that result may eventually be realized even from the late World War. It is, therefore, necessary to concede, at least from a selfish national standpoint and perhaps in some degree from a broader standpoint, that war is not always a futile weapon in the struggle for bread.

The second principal objection to the idea that war can have a conditional justification as a means of ensuring food supplies is based on the belief that the natural tendency of populations to become stabilized must, sooner or later, establish a comfortable equilibrium among the nations. Nature is supposed, in short, to be ready with a solution for the war problem if only we will trust her. Analysis of this argument will bring us to the heart of the difficulty. As already mentioned, biologists and statisticians recognize a tendency toward stabilization in all forms of growth. Sometimes this tendency actually does counteract imperialistic impulses, even where the pressure of population on subsistence is acute. Population pressure is not invariably an international trouble-maker. Populations are not an explosive force always and everywhere, and to regard them as such is to leave half the Malthusian equation out of the reckoning. Stabilized populations sometimes show little desire for territorial expansion, even where as in China stabilization has taken place on a very low standard of living. Under certain conditions, however, populations grow beyond the carrying power of their own soil. In that situation an acute need of territorial expansion may be felt, though the immediate food supply may seem assured. A satisfactory theory of imperialism must explain why populations sometimes become stabilized instead of seeking additional territory, and sometimes develop an aggressive imperialism even before food limitations check multiplication.

These opposite conditions are illustrated by China and by Japan. China's population, according to the best authorities, ceased growing half a century ago, as a result of pressure upon subsistence. Standards of living in China are, of course, extremely low, and the death rate from famine and disease is appalling. Yet the proportion of potentially arable land used for crops in China is smaller than in the United States, less than a third of the acreage physically available for crops being in cultivation. This curious condition is mainly the result of a lack of up-to-date farm equipment. China has much low-yielding soil that could be worked profitably with modern plows, drills, and harvesters, but cannot be used by the man-power on which Chinese agriculture chiefly depends. The area required for the support of a family is more than a family can cultivate with the means available. A population stabilized by failure to use its available agricultural resources has obviously an alternative to imperialism as a solution of its food problem. It has merely to improve its agricultural technique. That course is open to China, and may explain why the country has not in recent times been imperialistic.

The same expedient is not open to Japan, where an acute and growing food problem presents very different characteristics. In the last century, Japan has doubled her population, and likewise her income per capita, by a remarkable adaptation of occidental technique to her agricultural and manufacturing industries. She is still rapidly increasing in population, although in recent years her birth rate has declined somewhat. She consequently needs an increasing food supply. In the early stages of her present cycle of population growth, Japan obtained increased food partly by a more intensive cultivation of her soil. That avenue of relief is now closed. Japanese agriculture is near the physical limit in production, the country's agricultural technique is highly developed, and an exceptionally large proportion of its arable land is in crops. Recently, indeed, Japan has lost more crop acreage by the encroachment of cities and by the diversion of land to other than agricultural uses than she has gained by clearing and irrigation. Growth of population has carried her beyond the point of possible self-sufficiency in food supplies, and she has become dependent on imports for an important share of her subsistence. A precarious food situation has already arisen, the control of which does not lie within the realm of domestic policy. In China, there is at least little danger that straitened food circumstances will take a sudden turn for the worse, but Japan, although enjoying a considerably higher standard of living, nurses, like Britain, a constant fear that her external food sources may be cut off.

This contrast indicates that growth of population, although not leading to imperialism always and everywhere, may do so when it is the result of expanding economic power resting on insufficient agricultural resources and, therefore, tending to develop an excessive industrial specialization. Such specialization necessitates large food imports; an impulse to control foreign sources of supply and to control trade communications thus arises inevitably. This incentive to imperialism may exist without any urgent immediate pressure of population on subsistence, and even without any extreme pressure of population upon the supply of land. Food necessities are less acute in imperialistic Europe than in non-imperialistic Asia. As for the pressure of population upon the land supply, that is several times greater in Asia than in Europe. Some of the most imperialistic nations have done wonders in increasing their domestic food resources. Their inveterate hankering for territorial expansion is the outcome of a potential threat to their food supply, rather than of an acute immediate shortage. It is the political expression of the necessity they feel

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to correct a discrepancy that has developed between their food wants and their secure command of food supplies. Modern imperialism, in short, is fundamentally a means of permitting the growth of population beyond the point at which it would be stabilized by an exclusive reliance on domestic agriculture.

In the nineteenth century this principle found its classic illustration in the imperial policy of the United Kingdom. Germany finally tried to apply it and failed; Japan is attempting the same thing with more success. Our turn may come next. Heretofore, the United States has been a food-exporting nation, and has not felt any impulse to imperialism arising from food necessities. In recent years, however, our agricultural export trade has declined. In the production of corn, dairy products, beef, and spring wheat, we are close to the margin between the import and the export basis, and the producers of these commodities may soon regularly have to contend with foreign competition in the United States market. Already we import 55 percent of our wool, 20 percent of our sugar, 50 percent of our flax seed, 12 percent of our cheese, and large amounts of nuts, fruits, and vegetable oil materials. In the calendar year 1924, not less than 45 percent of our imports of dutiable articles consisted of competitive agricultural products. Our progress toward dependence on food imports is portentously rapid, and will unquestionably have a profound influence on our foreign policy. Such dependence has made other nations imperialistic. As our human nature is presumably of the same stuff as theirs, we are likely to behave similarly.

When the century of grace that Dr. Baker gives us expires, this country will have at its disposal a prodigious economic power, needing for its profitable employment merely a steady means of supplying food deficits by exporting industrial goods. It will have a population exceeding the carrying power of its own agriculture. That outcome can be predicted from familiar economic and biologic laws, without resorting to statistical forecasts. It is well known that, for nations as well as for individuals, the law of diminishing returns sets a limit to the profitable employment of capital and labor in agriculture, and finally makes impossible any further increase in food production in a given area. This law, in the absence of facilities for exchanging non-agricultural goods for foodstuffs, would lead to a stabilization of the population. But surplus economic power can be devoted to industry long after the point of diminishing returns has been passed in agriculture. Hence, industrial production and foreign trade, when the safety of the latter can be assured, permit growth of population indefinitely, until it becomes impossible either to regain self-sufficiency in food supplies, or to resist the temptation to win external food resources by arms. Increased facility in production may defer the evil day for the United States, but cannot prevent our reaching it eventually.

The peculiar fatality of modern population growth is that nations do not feel the need of restriction soon enough. As long as food can be readily imported, they multiply their populations without giving a thought to the precarious nature of their food-supply system. This is finally realized only when international rivalry, or a threat to trade routes, necessitates a resort to force in self-preservation. Imperialism is then invoked, not primarily to furnish an outlet for surplus population, but to enable people to live and multiply at home. It is a mistake to suppose that the strongest impulse making for war is an impulse to migration in congested populations. Migration is only one of the minor advantages got by territorial expansion. Colonizing peoples certainly export population as well as goods, but the density of their home population is not thereby sensibly diminished. In the nineteenth century the population of the United Kingdom increased from less than 18,000,000 to more than 40,000,000, despite vast territorial expansion and heavy emigration. Control of outside food resources lessens a country's population difficulties mainly by enlarging the home food supply. Top-heavy industrialism, with its resulting growth of population, develops inevitably, before its imperialistic implications are realized, to a point at which compensating agricultural expansion must be obtained abroad, and when a domestic food deficit can no longer be met by further intensive cultivation of home soils, imperialism is the natural recourse.

It should be evident from the foregoing that neither technical progress nor the voluntary restriction of population can be depended on to free mankind from imperialism resulting from the pressure of population on subsistence. Technical progress tends rather to heighten the pressure, since it leads eventually to disproportionate industrial development, by which population is increased without local provision for its support. Prudential restraints must remain ineffective, since the need for such restraints is ordinarily not felt until swollen industrial systems and swollen populations are already insecurely poised on small agricultural bases. It is clearly necessary to invoke international action of some sort, for essentially the problem is how to coördinate industry with agriculture, not on a national basis, because that is no longer possible, but on a world basis. Something like the relationship that existed between Europe and North America in the nineteenth century, when the two hemispheres complemented each other with a mutually advantageous exchange of foodstuffs for industrial goods, is necessary with world-wide ramifications. A one-sided industrialism is not possible in all countries simultaneously. If too many countries simultaneously demand the privilege of developing in that way, force becomes the arbiter of their quarrel.

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A substitute should be sought for war and imperialism as a means of establishing the required world adjustment between farms and factories, if only as a matter of pride in our science and culture. The resort to force is an admission of defeat by the Malthusian law. It is tantamount to conceding that industrial communities built up in an unsound relation to their agricultural resources must finally accept drastic depopulation or a decline in their standards of living, or both. If famine is staved off temporarily, only to be finally precipitated by war, it must be confessed that our technique for assuring a food supply fails to do a thorough job. The first necessity is to recognize that equal and simultaneous industrial expansion in all civilized countries is a natural impossibility. Then international coöperation to establish a world balance between the production of food and the production of wealth in other forms will seem less utopian.

Lest these considerations appear merely academic from the standpoint of the United States, where much land still awaits cultivation, it may be well to recall that our urban and village population is already 75 percent of our total population. It is true that we still export much meat and grain. But it is equally true, and more important, that the trade tends constantly to diminish. As we have seen, nations with a combination of population pressure and surplus economic power, plus an actual or potential shortage of agricultural resources, take easily to imperialism. This nation, should present tendencies continue, will be in that position eventually. It will have an overdeveloped industrial structure threatening to fall unless buttressed on a wider agricultural system, the basis for which must necessarily be sought beyond our borders. Our imperialistic urge, in its early stages, may seem to be an expression of financial or industrial ambition, but its roots in biological necessity will not be difficult to discover. Unless in the meantime the world achieves economic coöperation, our only alternative to imperialism will be industrial stagnation, with the population stabilized at some point below that which would be permitted by continued industrial development sustained by a secure food-import trade.

ARTHUR P. CHEW.

Survivors

THE YOUNG woman reporter set out for her first assignment in the dawn, rolled into the subway, tried sleepily to separate those who were returning from a late evening from those who were starting on an early day. At Rector Street she walked under the murky Elevated that shut out the half-light of morning and closed in the glow of street lamps, and the wicked brilliance of all-night joints. No one assaulted her.

At the dock, reporters and boys with cameras and movie machines and a talkie outfit were waiting for the tug "Whistle" to take them to the "Vestris" survivors on the "American Shipper." The men chatted confidently, chafing at the cold, not at all concerned with the approaching interviews. All of them acted as though they had been reporters most of their lives.

The "Whistle" pulled out with her decks filled and a dozen people crowded in the captain's tiny cabin.

"Your paper is getting passionate," said a red-haired reporter to the man next him. "This radio interview begins, 'Some of the tales told by "Vestris" survivors are very moving.' "

"This Red Terhune thing was in the bag. Sure, I know a guy knows a fellow knows his brother. It was all a put-up job."

"You're crazy."

"The captain's ordered breakfast served in his cabin for the lady. Hey, come on in and eat. Pretty soft, being a lady."

It was very pleasant, until she came to the rope ladder, slung over the side of the "American Shipper," not even a decent one with rungs, but a Jacob's ladder. She decided that the idea of "ladies first" was being overworked, and had never been sound, but nothing could be done about it at the moment, nothing could be done about anything, except that from one terrible toe-hold the next had to be reached and somehow during the frantic process the ship had to be kept from slipping out from under her. Finally hands reached down and hauled her up to safety.

Then the real excitement began. There was news on the ship. People told their tales, outlining the maddest dime-novel plots. People wrapped in blankets, their arms in slings, their feet bare or bound in rags or covered with water-soaked shoes, told these stories, trying hard to suppress their excitement.

"I was swimming with a colored woman, for seven hours I had been holding her up, and then the lifeboat with six members of the crew in it picked her up."

"And they wouldn't pick him up," his friend interposed. "She had to beg and weep to make them pick him up."

"Then later I saw my wife swimming out there, calling to me, and I urged them to rescue her. When they wouldn't, I tried to jump in after her, but somebody hit me over the head, and the next thing I knew it was night and I was lying on the bottom of the lifeboat." He was grateful to talk. "Get this straight," he said. "It's true just as I

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say it, so help me God." He spoke with a German accent, tears shone in his blood-shot blue eyes. He felt a little disappointed when the reporter left him, seeking more color.

Reporters spread all over the ship.

"Weren't any kiddies saved?"

"Not unless they're on another boat. This woman here tried to save one." A lean unshaven man, shoeless, wearing a discolored shirt, indicated a woman staggering into the saloon. The stewardess, dressed in white, helped her, a stewardess a little conscious of helping a stewardess.

"She started to get into a lifeboat with someone's baby," the young woman in white said, "and just then the lifeboat hit the side of the big boat and turned over. She fell in one direction and the baby in another, and she never saw it again."

The woman in the chair moaned weakly and leaned back, closing her eyes. A dozen reporters surrounded her, but she was too weak to talk. They deserted her for the more romantic stewardess who had clung to a crate for over twenty-two hours with a young engineer.

"What did you talk about during that time?" She looked a little blank and smiled.

"But you must have talked about something."

"Listen, don't bother her," the engineer said. He was a tall young fellow, handsome in spite of his shrunken suit and his unkemptness. "She's been through enough already."

A sob sister whispered something in his ear, and he blushed.

"I guess you're looking for a romance," he said. "Nope, nothing like that. I'm engaged to a girl here in the States."

"Well, what is your most vivid impression of the whole thing? What did you think about out there in that terrible sea, sharks all around you, not a human being, not a sail in sight?"

"I thought it was pretty awful. I didn't see how we were going to live through it."

The reporters fell to work on the young wife of the automobile racing car driver. They patted her dog which had been thrown to her and saved. They told her story to her in dramatic suggestions, reduced her to nervous tears when they came to the part where she was separated from her husband, where he was refused a place in the life-boat. Not that the life-boat was any good—she had to be pulled into another.

"What was it like?" said a reporter vividly, "that ship sinking, your husband left on it, you seeing him for the last time, what did you think—then—in that moment!"

"Oh, it was awful, the most terrible moment of my life."

The reporters tackled the crew, but they couldn't make much headway with the sullen frightened mass of Negroes, half of whom spoke nothing but a crazy Spanish jargon. Lionel Licorish was approachable. He was a hero, smiling and chubby.

"He saved dozens of people."

"He was the bravest man on the ship."

"What's it feel like to be a hero, Lionel?" He grinned broadly, and posed for his picture.

An official at a table in the saloon shouted " 'Vestris' passengers get your landing cards," but nobody paid much attention to him.

Wives who had lost their husbands wept and posed for their pictures on the top deck. Husbands who had lost their wives spoke shortly, grimly bent on revenge. Nobody bothered about a small quiet man who had seen his wife and baby thrown into the ocean when a boom tore loose from the ship and crashed down, bearing the lifeboat with it into the sea. Nobody asked for a picture of him, or crowded around him as he told his tense simple tale of the tragedy, aware as an engineer that the ship was doomed soon after she left port, begging that something should be done, seeing the water coming in the leaking portholes.

He spoke of being moved from one flooded cabin to another three times, he tried to make articulate the awful feeling of helplessness, under what seemed to him the command of a madman, of forcing his wife and baby away from him into the lifeboat full of women and children, only to see them crashed into the sea a moment later.

He hadn't swum for twenty-two hours clinging to a crate, with a woman, and he didn't remember seeing any sharks. He would take a most indifferent picture. He paced the deck, bitterly cursing the dead captain, planning his futile revenge.

"It was murder, wicked murder," he said. "We wouldn't have let the captain live if he hadn't gone down with his ship."

No use wasting any more time on the black gang, clinging together on the after deck. They stared out of large frightened eyes and remained mute, except for Lionel Licorish who grinned and a few others, sure that they were heroes, and the young cook who had been one of the last to leave the ship, Kodaking as he went.

Cameras clicked and cranks turned on all the decks. "Come on you, get in this, hold the cat. Yeah, we want all of you. You, fellow, that took the pictures, get in this, too."

A reporter tackled him. This was a hero, the man who had taken exclusive last-minute photographs of one of the greatest disasters in history, who had not left his post until the ship had almost disappeared from under him, who had climbed into the lifeboat without wetting the precious film pack and tossed on a stormy ocean for hours before being rescued with his world-astounding burden.

"What is your most vivid impression of the disaster? What moment stuck out above the rest as the most awful, the most tragic?"

The seaman meditated for a moment and said, "I've been thinking about that a lot and I guess now that it was the moment after I got into the

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lifeboat, and I looked around and there I saw the water rising high above me and strewn with men and women crying for help, and with dead bodies, and I got out my camera to take a picture when I realized that I had no films left. I could have kicked myself all over the place."

The woman reporter ran down the gangplank of the "American Shipper," weak and trembling, tore to the newspaper office to write her stories, headlines swimming dizzily in her mind.

"SENDS WIFE AND CHILD TO DEATH IN LEAKY LIFEBOAT." All about her typewriters clicked, copy boys ran back and forth. "CAPTAIN DIES WITH A PRAYER ON HIS LIPS." Stories poured in over the wires. "BABE SNATCHED FROM WOMAN'S ARMS BY SHARK."

Veteran newsmen asked her questions. "Can you check up on this shark story? Is this man's address correct?"

"CALLS CAPTAIN SUICIDE." "Do you remember the names of the people in this picture?" "CAPTAIN GOES TO DEATH SMILING CYNICALLY."

The boy was bringing around first editions. She saw her stories on the front page, read them and the others. Tears came to her eyes as she realized, for the first time, the full horror of the tragedy.

MILDRED GILMAN.

Impressions of Soviet Russia

V: *New Schools for a New Era*

THE IDEA of a school in which pupils, and therefore, studies and methods, are connected with social life, instead of being isolated, is one familiar in educational theory. In some form, it is the idea that underlies all attempts at thorough-going educational reform. What is characteristic of Soviet education is not, therefore, the idea of a dovetailing of school activities into out-of-school social activities, but the fact that for the first time in history there is an educational system officially organized on the basis of this principle. Instead of being exemplified, as it is with ourselves, in a few scattering schools that are private enterprises, it has the weight and authority of the whole regime behind it. In trying to satisfy my mind as to how and why it was that the educational leaders have been able in so short a time to develop a working model of this sort of education, with so little precedent upon which to fall back, I was forced to the conclusion that the secret lay in the fact that they could give to the economic and industrial phase of social life the central place it actually occupies in present life. In that fact lies the great advantage the Revolution has conferred upon educational reformers in Russia, in comparison with those in the rest of the world. I do not see how any honest educational reformer in western countries can deny that the greatest practical obstacle in the way of introducing into schools that connection with social life which he regards as desirable is the great part played by personal competition and desire for private profit in our economic life. This fact almost makes it necessary that in important respects school activities should be protected from social contacts and connections, instead of being organized on the principle of instituting them. The Russian educational situation is enough to convert one to the idea that only in a society based upon the coöperative principle can the ideals of educational reformers be adequately carried into operation.

The central place of economic connections in the dovetailing of school work with social life outside the school is explicitly stated in the official documents of Commissar Lunacharsky. He writes: "The two chief present problems of social education are: (1) The development of public economy with reference to Socialist reconstruction in general and the efficiency of labor in particular; (2) the development of the population in the spirit of Communism." The aims of education are set forth as follows: "(1) The union of general culture with efficiency of labor and power to share in public life; (2) supply of the actual needs of national economy by preparation of workers in different branches and categories of qualifications; (3) meeting the need of different localities and different kinds of workers."

Like all formal statements, these propositions have to be understood in the light of the practices by which they are carried into effect. So interpreted, the fact that among the aims the "union of general culture with efficiency of labor" precedes that of supply of special needs through preparation of workers assumes a significance that might not otherwise be apparent. For perhaps the striking thing in the system is that it is not vocational, in the narrow sense those words often have with us, namely, the technical training of specialized workers. On the contrary, such training is everywhere postponed and subordinated to the requirements of general culture, which is, however, itself conceived of in a socially industrial sense; that is to say, as discovery and development of the capacities that enable an individual to carry on in a coöperative

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way, work that is socially useful, "socially useful" being conceived in the generous sense of whatever makes human life fuller and richer. Perhaps the easiest way to grasp the spirit of the industrial connections of school work with general social activities is to take the utterances of our own Manufacturers' Association on the same topic and then reverse them. Preparation for special occupations is deferred to the stage of special schools called *Technicums,* which can be entered only after seven years of the public "unified" school have been completed. These schools are called "polytechnic," but the word is a misleading one in its ordinary English associations. For with us it signifies a school in which individual pupils can select and pursue any one of a considerable number of technologies, while in the Russian system it signifies a school in which pupils, instead of receiving a "mono-technical" training, are instructed in the matters which are fundamental to a number of special industrial techniques. In other words, even in the definitely vocational schools, specialized training for a particular calling is postponed until the latest years, after a general technological and scientific-social foundation has been laid.

As far as could be determined, there are two causes for the adoption of this broad conception of industrial education, in identification with the general culture appropriate to a coöperatively conducted society. One is the state of progressive educational theory in other countries, especially in the United States, during the early formative years after the Revolution. For a leading principle of this advanced doctrine was that participation in productive work is the chief stimulus and guide to self-educative activity on the part of pupils, since such productive work is both in accord with the natural or psychological process of learning; and also provides the most direct road to connecting the school with social life, because of the part played by occupations in the latter. Some of the liberal Russian educators were carrying on private experimental schools on this basis before the Revolution; the doctrine had the prestige of being the most advanced among educational philosophies, and it answered to immediate Russian necessities.

Thus from an early period the idea of the "school of work" *(Arbeit-schule, école du travail, escuela d'accion)* was quite central in post-revolutionary school undertakings. And a main feature of this doctrine was that, while productive work is educative *par excellence,* it must be taken in a broad social sense, and as a means of creating a social new order and not simply as an accommodation to the existing economic regime.

This factor, however, accounts only for the earlier period of the growth of Soviet education, say, up to 1922 or 1923, a period when American influence, along with that of Tolstoy, was upon the whole predominant. Then there came in a reaction, from a Marxian standpoint. The reaction, however, did not take the form of discarding the notion of productive work as central in schools. It only gave the idea a definitely socialistic form by interpreting the idea of work on the basis of the new estate of the worker brought about by the proletarian revolution. The change was a more or less gradual one, and even now there is hardly a complete transition or fusion. But the spirit of the change is well indicated in the words of one of the leaders of educational thought: "A school is a true school of work in the degree in which it prepares the students to appreciate and share in the ideology of the workers—whether country or city." And by the worker is here meant, of course, the worker made conscious of his position and function by means of the Revolution. This transformation of the earlier "bourgeois reforming idea" through emphasis upon the ideology of the labor movement thus continued and reinforced the earlier emphasis upon the general idea of the connection of the school with industry.

This report is necessarily confined to a statement of general principles: the skeleton would gain flesh and blood if space permitted an account of the multifarious threads by which the connection between the schools of coöperatively organized society is maintained. In lieu of this account I can only pay my tribute to the liberating effect of active participation in social life upon the attitude of students. Those whom I met had a vitality and a kind of confidence in life—not to be confused with mere self-confidence—that afforded one of the most stimulating experiences of my life. Their spirit was well reflected in the inscription which a boy of fourteen wrote upon the back of a painting he presented me with. He was in one of the schools in which the idea just set forth is most completely and intelligently carried out, and he wrote that the picture was given in memory of the "school that opened my eyes." All that I had ever, on theoretical grounds, believed as to the extent to which the dull and dispirited attitude of the average school is due to isolation of school from life was more than confirmed by what I saw of the opposite in Russian schools.

There are three or four special points that call for notice in the identification established between cultural and industrial education. One of them is suggested by the official statement regarding the meeting by the schools of local conditions and needs. Soviet education has not made the mistake of confusing unity of education with uniformity: on the contrary, centralization is limited to the matter of ultimate aim and spirit, while in detail diversification is permitted, or rather encouraged. Each province has its own experimental school, that supplements the work of the central or federal experimental stations, by studying local resources, materials and problems with a view to adapting school work to them. The primary principle of method

NORTHAMPTON MASSACHUSETTS

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officially laid down is that, in every topic, work by pupils is to begin with observation of their own environment, natural and social. (The best museum of natural and social materials for pedagogical purposes I have ever seen is in a country district outside of Leningrad, constructed on the basis of a complete exhibit of local fauna, flora, mineralogy, etc., and local antiquities and history, made by pupils' excursions under the direction of their teachers.)

This principle of making connections with social life on the basis of starting from the immediate environment is exemplified on its broadest scale in the educational work done with the minority populations of Russia—of which there are some fifty different nationalities. The idea of cultural autonomy that underlies political federation is made a reality in the schools. Before the Revolution, many, most of them had no schools, and a considerable number of them not even a written language. In about ten years, through enlisting the efforts of anthropologists and linguistic scholars—in which branch of science Russia has always been strong—all the different languages have been reduced to written form, textbooks in the local language provided, each adapted to local environment and industrial habits, and at least the beginnings of a school system introduced. Aside from immediate educational results, one is impressed with the idea that the scrupulous regard for cultural independence characteristic of the Soviet regime is one of the chief causes of its stability, in view of the non-Communist beliefs of most of these populations. Going a little further, one may say that the freedom from race- and color-prejudice characteristic of the regime is one of the greatest assets in Bolshevist propaganda among Asiatic peoples. The most effective way to counteract the influence of that propaganda would be for western nations to abandon their superiority-complex in dealing with Asiatic populations, and thereby deprive Bolshevism of its contention that capitalism, imperialistic exploitation and race prejudice are so inseparably conjoined that the sole relief of native peoples from them lies in adoption of Communism under Russian auspices.

The central place of human labor in the educational scheme is made manifest in the plan for the selection and organization of subject-matter, or the studies of the curriculum. This principle is officially designated the "complex system." Details appropriately belong in a special educational journal, but in general the system means, on the negative side, the abandonment of splitting up subject-matter into isolated "studies," such as form the program in the conventional school, and finding the matter of study in some total phase of human life—including nature in the relations it sustains to the life of man in society. Employing the words of the official statement: "At the basis of the whole program is found the study of human work and its organization: the point of departure is the study of this work as found in its local manifestations." Observations of the latter are, however, to be developed by "recourse to the experience of humanity—that is, books, so that the local phenomena may be connected with national and international industrial life."

It is worthy of note that, in order to carry out this conception of the proper subject-matter of study, it is necessary for the teachers themselves to become students, for they must conceive of the traditional subject-matter from a new point of view. They are compelled, in order to be successful, both to study their local environment and to become familiar with the detailed economic plans of the central government. For example, the greatest importance is attached in the educational scheme to natural science and what we call nature-study. But according to the ruling principle, this material must not be treated as so much isolated stuff to be learned by itself, but be considered in the ways in which it actually enters into human life by means of utilization of natural resources and energies in industry for social purposes. Aside from the vitalization of physical knowledge supplied by thus putting it in its human context, this method of presentation compels teachers to be cognizant of the *Gosplan*—that is, the detailed projects, looking ahead over a series of years, of the government for the economic development of the country. An educator from a bourgeois country may well envy the added dignity that comes to the function of the teacher when he is taken into partnership in plans for the social development of his country. Such an one can hardly avoid asking himself whether this partnership is possible only in a country where industry is a public function rather than a private undertaking; he may not find any sure answer to the question, but the continued presence of the query in his mind will surely serve as an eye-opening stimulus.

In American literature regarding Soviet education, the "complex system" is often identified with the "project method" as that has developed in our own country. In so far as both procedures get away from starting with fixed lessons in isolated studies, and substitute for them an endeavor to bring students through their own activity into contact with some relatively total slice of life or nature, there is ground for the identification. By and large, however, it is misleading, and for two reasons. In the first place, the complex method involves a unified intellectual scheme of organization: it centers, as already noted, about the study of human work in its connection on one side with natural materials and energies, and on the other side with social and political history and institutions. From this intellectual background, it results that, while Russian educators acknowledge here—as in many other things—an original indebtedness to American

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theory, they criticize many of the "projects" employed in our schools as casual and as trivial, because they do not belong to any general social aim, nor have definite social consequences in their train.

To them, an educative "project" is the means by which the principle of some "complex" or unified whole of social subject-matter is realized. Its criterion of value is its contribution to some "socially useful work." Actual projects vary according to special conditions, urban or rural, and particular needs and deficiencies of the local environment. In general, they include contributions to improvement of sanitation and hygienic conditions (in which respects there is an active campaign carried on, modelled largely upon American techniques), assisting in the campaign against illiteracy; reading newspapers and books to the illiterate; helping in clubs, excursions, etc., with younger children; assisting ignorant adults to understand the policies of local soviets so that they can take part in them intelligently; engaging in Communist propaganda, and, on the industrial side, taking some part in a multitude of diverse activities calculated to improve economic conditions. In a rural school that was visited, for example, students carried on what in a conventional school would be the separate studies of botany and entomology by cultivating flowers, food-plants, fruits, etc., under experimental conditions, observing the relation to them of insects, noxious and helpful, and then making known the results to their parents and other farmers, distributing improved strains of seed, etc. In each case, the aim is that sooner or later the work shall terminate in some actual participation in the larger social life, if only by young children carrying flowers to an invalid or to their parents. In one of the city schools where this work has been longest carried on, I saw, for example, interesting charts that showed the transformation of detailed hygienic and living conditions of the homes in a working men's quarter effected through a period of ten years by the boys and girls of the school.

A word regarding the system of administration and discipline of Soviet schools perhaps finds its natural place in this connection. During a certain period, the idea of freedom and student control tended to run riot. But apparently the idea of "auto-organization" (which is fundamental in the official scheme) has now been worked out in a positive form, so that, upon the whole, the excesses of the earlier period are obsolescent. The connection with what has just been said lies in the fact that as far as possible the organizations of pupils that are relied upon to achieve self-discipline are not created for the sake of school "government," but grow out of the carrying on of some line of work needed in the school itself, or in the neighborhood. Here, too, while the idea of self-government developed in American schools was the originally stimulating factor, the ordinary American practice is criticized as involving too much imitation of adult political forms (instead of growing out of the students' own social relationships), and hence as being artificial and external. In view of the prevailing idea of other countries as to the total lack of freedom and total disregard of democratic methods in Bolshevist Russia, it is disconcerting, to say the least, to anyone who has shared in that belief, to find Russian school children much more democratically organized than are our own; and to note that they are receiving through the system of school administration a training that fits them, much more systematically than is attempted in our professedly democratic country, for later active participation in the self-direction of both local communities and industries.

Fairness demands that I should say in conclusion that the educational system so inadequately described exists at present qualitatively rather than quantitatively. Statistically considered, its realization is still highly restricted—although not surprisingly so when one considers both the external difficulties of war, famine, poverty, teachers trained in alien ideas and ideals, and the internal difficulties of initiating and developing an educational system on a new social basis. Indeed, considering these difficulties, one is rather amazed at the progress already made; for, while limited in actual range, the scheme is in no sense on paper. It is a going concern; a self-moving organism. While an American visitor may feel a certain patriotic pride in noting in how many respects an initial impulse came from some progressive school in our own country, he is at once humiliated and stimulated to new endeavor to see how much more organically that idea is incorporated in the Russian system than in our own. Even if he does not agree with the assertion of Communist educators that the progressive ideals of liberal educators can actually be carried out only in a country that is undergoing an economic revolution in the socialist direction, he will be forced into searchings of heart and mind that are needed and wholesome. In any case, if his experience is at all like mine, he will deeply regret those artificial barriers and that barricade of false reports that now isolates American teachers from that educational system in which our professed progressive democratic ideas are most completely embodied, and from which accordingly we might, if we would, learn much more than from the system of any other country. I understand now as I never did before the criticisms of some foreign visitors, especially from France, that condemn Soviet Russia for entering too ardently upon an "Americanization" of traditional European culture.

JOHN DEWEY.

(In Dr. Dewey's sixth and last article of this series, he sums up his impressions of Soviet Russia.)

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Bankers' Banks

THEORETICALLY, our national banking system is above the battle of politics: one of those aloof instruments of facilitation to which Democracy or Republicanism are matters of indifference. Theoretically, this is also true of the Tariff Commission or the Federal Trade Commission. Officials of these bodies are always saying so. But actually these agencies reflect quite accurately the current administrative notion of the government's relations to business.

The panic of 1907 really fathered the Federal Reserve Act. It was a political accident—an ironic one—that it should have been hatched in a Democratic nest when the Republicans had so long and so carefully cherished the eggs. Business disaster led to a National Monetary Commission, whose explorations, after the political upset of 1912, resulted in legislation. A Republican bill would have differed considerably from the one which passed: the bankers would, for instance, have been listened to with some deference, instead of being affronted as they were. The New Freedom required emancipation from Wall Street, however, and a large gesture in that direction became inevitable. There were bitter denunciations from a Wall Street which failed to realize that faces were being made, but that blows were not being struck.

The *volte-face* executed by the bankers within a year after the passage of the act illumines both bankers and legislation. They had been confused and not a little scared by radical talk in Congress, and even by President Wilson, who said:

> A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. . . . We have become one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world.

The House of Morgan went to the unheard-of length of answering in a formal statement the allegations of the Pujo Committee. This, in itself, is a sufficient commentary on what was expected from the Wilson administration. But all the excitement was uncalled for. Radical talk writes no legislation. The New Freedom was merely a large idea, all of whose content had to be supplied by a Congress of lawyers. And within the year the chorus of praise was lifted which, under Republican auspices since 1920, has become an almost indecent pæan.

It would not be accurate to say that bankers wanted no change at all. They did want panics eliminated; and, consequently, they always would have consented quite cheerfully to any new arrangement which provided access to government support in time of trouble. The House of Morgan may even have been a little tired of carrying this burden all alone. But to divide the country into twelve districts, each with a semi-autonomous banker's bank, possessing selective powers of discount and of carrying on open-market operations, was regarded with horrified surprise. If Mr. Coolidge had been writing speeches then, he would have denounced it as "repugnant to the spirit (or instinct) of our institutions"; and every banker in the land would have applauded.

Fears of what might happen, of course, turned out to be altogether unjustified. The façade of the new structure was forbidding, but what went on inside was very little disturbed. Currency and credits were made more elastic and panics were, by good management, made possible of avoidance. This had been hoped by everyone, and the result has justified the hope. But the decentralization which was to have emancipated the nation from New York could also, by good management, be avoided. And it has been. The big banks are bigger, more powerful, more profitable, and perhaps less repressively controlled than ever before. It is even suggested, with some reason, that they have seen ways to make the system theirs.

The structure is, in fact, such that administrative policy can make all the difference in the world. The controlling powers, easily to be discerned in the wording of the act, have been many times officially repudiated. At one time Governor Harding said: "It is not the function of the Federal Reserve System to regulate prices, either up or down." At another, Governor Strong said: "It has been repeatedly stated, and I shall reiterate that statement, that prices are no concern of the Federal Reserve System directly." The fact is, however, that prices have been influenced on occasion. And there are those who are so unkind as to suggest that when anyone but bankers want control exercised they are met with the bland assertion of lack of power, but that a situation which worries the bankers will bring the entire complement of Reserve powers to the rescue at a full gallop. At any rate, they have sometimes been used, and sometimes been denied existence. The Board itself has suffered dissension. No clear policy has been built up. The resulting situation is one of confused uncertainty, which may be satisfactory to the more guarded interests, but not to anyone else. One reason for thinking it must be sufficient for some is that the Republicans, with eight years in which to act, have made almost no changes—certainly no fundamental ones.

When the depression of 1920 broke, the Reserve System was described by its officials as a helpless agency able only to act at the initiative of member banks. The farmers were allowed then to suffer a blow from which they have never recovered. Consider, however, the contrast of recent months, when bankers were worried about the worth of the collateral on which their loans were made. Rediscount rates were manipulated then; and open-market operations freely resorted to. The Reserve Banks, at their discretion, may buy or sell government securities of various kinds and certain bills of exchange. By buying securities the Bank can free other funds, make money easy and lower the money rate; by selling them it can occupy funds, make money tight and raise the rate. The current stock-market inflation has caused extensive selling to check the upward trend of security prices.

These two mechanisms—rediscounts and open-market operations—might, under other auspices and with, perhaps, a slight change in the law, make the Reserve System a most effective adjunct of governmental control. Rediscounting only occurs at the initiative of the member banks; but the Reserve banks can buy and sell securities whenever they

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like. If they would buy and sell commercial paper more freely, or if they could—and this is revolutionary—deal in the securities of corporations themselves, they could really encourage or discourage industrial activity at will. And this need not be a general influence; it could be particular. The bankers wanted panics stopped; but panics are only one phase of the business cycle; why not go further and do all that a centralized and managed financial mechanism can to control its other phases? We want not only to eliminate panics, but to assure prosperity. It is generally acknowledged that depressions begin by poor anticipations of future market relationships. If the Reserve Board, as an agency of the government, is willing on occasion to use its equipment for foresight, and the powers of its rediscounting and open-market functions, to protect its member banks, it might go further and protect all of us by using them to assure continuous prosperity.

It may be objected that no such far-reaching control ought to be in the hands of bankers, even if they happened to be in the government employ. The answer is that that is exactly where the control is now; and that those of them who are in the government employ refuse to bring the pressure at their disposal to bear except when the interests they now regard so tenderly are threatened. This is a good argument for more comprehensive government control, entrusted to officials trained in another school, but not for the abandonment of public supervision altogether. If we are to take control out of the bankers' hands, that is one thing; but if we are to leave it to them to exercise at will, that is quite another. Judged as a social institution their record is very bad indeed; judged as money-making institutions the records show amazing success. But why confuse the two? Making money for themselves does not constitute a sufficient social policy for the rest of us. Either their strategic situation at the center of complex industrial relationships ought to be modified, or they ought to be compelled to assume the responsibilities from which so far they have been content to profit without discharging.

The official fiction that the Federal Reserve System is merely an automatic device for regulating credits in accordance with commercial needs has been thoroughly controverted. It is quite as subject to administrative change as any other governmental instrument. It does and must exercise control whenever it performs its obvious functions —a kind of irresponsible and unacknowledged influence.

R. G. TUGWELL.

Two New Pieces

Holiday, by Philip Barry. Plymouth Theater, November 26, 1928.

The Age of Innocence, dramatized from Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Empire Theater, November 27, 1928.

MR. PHILIP BARRY'S new play is in a definite, if somewhat elusive, way an advance over "Paris Bound." Compared to that success of last season, "Holiday" has less thematic accentuation, a less marked problem. There is less of that projection that can make a play hold our interest and linger in our minds afterward, a handle to recall it by and a philosophy to ponder. "Paris Bound" undertook to show and to prove a point about tolerance and love and divorce and certain perilous stages in people's married life; and it did so with fluency and charm, actability and an unusual promise in dealing with people of a good class. How to live happily ever after was preached in "Paris Bound," and how to live at all emerges, if you want it to, from "Holiday." The reason this new play advances past the old lies in the fact that its theme is more implicit in the characters, and derives from them more, as in life the fabric of events derives from the people who weave them.

The characters, also, though they are not written any more accurately for dramatic purposes than in "Paris Bound," are fuller in content and wider in genuine variety. They are not as pitted one against the other as in "Paris Bound," but by the sheer reality of their natures become a part of the human struggle. They appear to be so much what they are that their action on one another takes care of itself. This for the main progress of the story; the manipulations and variants on the comic surprise toward the end are patent and delightful, entertaining as plot and pleasing as stagecraft.

In this American home, with money, family and New York provincialism, there are the father, the head of the house, money-making, naïve-minded and determined to have his own way with the lives of his children and everyone around him; Julia, the older daughter, more his kind than may be at first apparent; the second daughter, Linda, lately waked up to the boredom of such an existence and bringing disquieting notions into the house; and the son, Ned, driven by a half-conscious realization of the same thing, and by his father's tyranny and his own weakness, to more and more drink. There is Johnny Case, self-made, in love with Julia, resolved to depart from business and enjoy life while he can; he will work later when he is too old to do anything else. There are cousin asses like the Crams, and happy people like the Potters, Linda's friends. From all these the story wells up, through the parental objections, the variations on Johnny's ability to stick to his guns, Julia's own remoteness from what is in Johnny's and the Potters' souls, and on to the end, where the "Paris" will sail away with the children of light to happy fields abroad, and Linda's and Johnny Case's future can be surmised.

The whole world of character and emotion, relationships and human crises is seen with delicacy and exactness, never vulgarized with the underscoring or pushed into the common glare of the usual popular comedy of American life. "Holiday" is delightful comedy. What defects it has come first of all from a certain fluency; the dialogue pours from Mr. Barry so easily that it is sometimes without enough substance. You can say, too, that now and then the lines overdo the wisecracking, some of which—like that of Potter's when he speaks of the lovers going back to the spot they met in, criminals to the scene of the crime, etc.—is tolerable only by being referred to the character that voices it, and then only if the character is drunk. The play, furthermore, would broaden and deepen by study—such study and deepening as we see now in the moment when Linda asks her father, as they stand quarreling in the nursery with the New Year party downstairs, if her mother, when she lived, had been exciting. In

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Linda's relation to her father there are still possibilities to be studied; a whole world of surrounding pathos and irony might lie in her effect on him, on the old self in him, on the confusion in him, on the hard shell borrowed from the life he sees around him and long sustained by an inner force that has grown barren and inflexible, on his starvation and eager naïveté. The Potters, too, might be fertilized into more point. What we see of them consists largely of two nice people who like their liquor, go often to Europe, play, and love each other. They are doubtless agreeable acquaintances and true friends, and these are all pleasant things, not to say indicative of the somewhat desperate conception of pleasure that fills many Americans' bosoms and sends them off so often abroad. But time also will tell, and the Potters ten years from now may not be so satisfying. The conception of happiness might well be carried a little further beyond glands and income.

All of this is said not by way of ingratitude, but as thanking Mr. Barry for more of what he has.

"Holiday" at Mr. Hopkins' hands has a laudable way of letting that portion of the play that is wisecracking be bandied about among the players as that, without any insistence on realism, and the more trenchant or comic portion takes its natural course in spirits and feeling. The play is well cast, and if there is no straight acting of an entire role except that of the father, admirably done by Mr. Walter Walker, there are nevertheless a group of agreeable people and many moments of acting, even though at the very next moment it may relapse into pleasant actuality and merely being oneself. Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, long applauded as an author, but new to the stage, never acts at all, but by virtue of what he is and looks and has in his head, gives us something many times as acceptable as most actors, and very fair ones, could ever convey. Mr. Ned Smith, with a good record from his character acting in Paul Green's Carolina plays, and full of talent, is sometimes good in his performance of Johnny Case, and sometimes not yet at home. These leading young men in Mr. Barry's plays, though they are given fetching things to say and a warm place in the story, are not easy to do; the effect of real feeling apparent through banter and prose reserve is one of the bases of good comedy—in English it reaches its summit in Congreve's scene when Millamant accepts Mirabel's hand—but playing it is the same hard problem as ever. Miss Dorothy Tree gets her last scene's harshness and pride very well, though her first still drags.

Miss Hope Williams, whom "Paris Bound" launched into a career that seems to be already much beloved, has for this season the play written around her. We may say that for many of her moments she is scarcely acting yet, it is more a matter of her own personality and ways. And we may say that the part is written to fit her very tight. But even at that, I should say that she is always acting in her head, at least, and that she is never wrong on the outside, only now and again not placed, not equipped with the projection that underpins all acting. But she carries, nevertheless, this burden of the chief role with real success. She gives you the sense of a charming quality, ventilated and clear, direct and in good taste, and of quite a wit, not to say a wag. She has enough of that curious sweetness that gives soundness to an actor's comic appeal; she has natural magnetism; an engaging voice and appearance; not always the best English; a good sense of the audience; and no greedy egotism. In Linda's scenes with her brother Ned, Miss Williams is lucky in having Mr. Monroe Owsley; and the dramatist is luckier still to have them in those scenes together.

As for "The Age of Innocence," if I say that the writing is impossible because of its lack of any life, whether the life of actuality, of literature or the stage, or even the life of mere sense stress and speech movement, there are sure to be people who would think me objecting to any formality, elaboration or dignity of speech on the stage. But that is not so. The great successes in English comedy, writing like Congreve's, Goldsmith's, Sheridan's, is formal and arranged. But it has life and beat; it almost speaks itself, the actor thrives by it. In "The Age of Innocence" there was such fighting at the lines, trying to make them live, especially in the ambitious scenes or speeches, and in the young politician's discourse in the first act worst of all, as I have not heard in a long time.

We can say, too, that, without the benefit of an acquaintance with the novel—which I happened fortunately not to have, and so was left to take the play as it stood—the scenes got almost nowhere. They rambled and rattled around until the heroine's entrance, at which point in every scene there began a drama more or less out of the ether, without much reason for its existence, but beautiful and tragic because of Miss Katherine Cornell. I had the sense that she had evolved within herself a drama that flared out when she was before us, with a wonderful poignancy and intensity of effect, and throve by that lovely presence full of style and exquisite spirit. In so far as there was any play Miss Cornell was it; and after her trailed a mild thread of drama, teased out of the novel and showing repetitions and variations on the theme of renunciation till the last scene, when her lover, left by Ellen in his proper family course and his proper career, comes as an old man, bringing his son, to see her, an old woman, and then goes away without doing so, leaving only his son.

You could scarcely say enough about the thing that Miss Katherine Cornell brings to the stage. It has the essence of theatricality; it has beauty and manners, a great gift for slipping easily into the right emotional intensity, and, most of all, something penetrating, quivering, absorbed in its own moment, that cannot be described. She is the only actress I know that, not with regard to any greatness or lack of greatness, but for this indescribable poignancy and absorption, I should ever compare to Duse.

Mr. Arnold Korff, as Julius Beaufort, the Austrian Jew, gave an admirably graded performance.

The only other thing to be said about "The Age of Innocence" is that the costumes, at the hands of Miss Gertrude Newell, had great dramatic style, richness and accuracy, and came off superbly in a period most difficult to manage. The elusive quality that can project an epoch over the footlights and at the same time seem to reproduce it exactly, appeared in her settings; there must be few such brilliant examples of period décor as that drawing-room of the Countess Olenska's.

STARK YOUNG.

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Six Sonnets

Aaron Mordecai

(A Virginia Portrait)

His graying beard is like a burning bush;
His knotted staff is such another one
As Moses smote the rock with in the sun
Of Meribah. He brings a twilight hush
Upon the scene—as by the Red Sea sand
The Chosen waited with a darkening awe
To see the living waters rage and yaw
And yield a shining way from land to land.

His stooping back remembers Sinai's laws;
That seamy brow wears not the brand of Cain.
The gentile's arrogance and haughty pause
Inveigle him to infamy in vain.
The God of hosts, who holds his soul in pawn,
Shall see the pledge redeemed one ruddy dawn.

ROBERT MCBLAIR.

Wind across the Valley

Flung on a tufted range the crinkled sheep
Stand like a scattering of stones, as still
As stones, with stony singleness of will
Biting the slight hold of the grass to keep
Their weight from shrieking through the tangent air.
Like fish heading a stream their shapes are hurled
Eastward along the motion of the world
From the small heads whose taut jaws hold them there.
The herdsman, fearing the bottom of the sky,
Clings with his length against the roaring turf
And dares not watch the clouds that pour like surf
Into that chasm where the giant stars lie
Dwarfed to small grains by distance, in a sound
Half echoed in the ear against the ground.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

To a Bootlegger

Be disabused, dear scapegoat, of your shame;
And let a gleam of dawn, touching your eyes,
Banish the leaden look. Gather our skies
To join your own under those brows. Let the flame,
Of morning and of evening both, exclaim
The new completion of a new surprise,
A new communal joy to see with. Rise
Through ambiguous commerce to your ancient fame.

Bacchus, O Bacchus, in your motor-car
Arrive revealed again! Though time bereaves
You of your boyhood grace and has veined your hand,
Let us acknowledge you the god you are—
Whose head, no longer crowned with dewy leaves,
Is Greek no less in this apostate land.

WITTER BYNNER.

On Guard

Against that visit which we know must come
When, by the road where late we laughed together,
The black procession and obsequious drum
Blot out the tread, cancel the cries of either;
Against that hollow orgy down the street,
The purchased plumes, the hearse, the hired mutes,
The sordid pantomime of tears, the cheat
To eye and ear with pieties and flutes—
I put my present happiness in fee,
Being most capable who am so rich
This instant, and can sooner guarantee
Another Nazarene another niche. . . .
Bow from the banquet, or it will be late:
Wine sours, meat sickens—even on Cæsar's plate.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

Toward Damascus

The land whence we had come was fruitful; springs
Rose from the hills and cisterns there were sweet.
What though the Eagle shadowed with his wings
The least of those who shouted in the street,
Cæsar was Rome, and Rome a world that flowed
With blood and honey. Yet we two had found
Our foreheads marked with dust of that same road
When the Lord smote us, weeping, to the ground.

There was a cloud came over and a tongue
Spoke from the darkness, and I saw my own
Shadow, a thin, distracted ghost among
The pillars of an Empire overthrown . . .
But when the storm subsided and was done,
Damascus lay before me in the sun.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Quid Pro Quo

I've heard the derisive phrase, jew down, jew down,
Flung at almost any innocent face
Questioning the price of things in my home town
Where saving a sou is laid to the Hebrew race.
I hear it again among these Yankee folk,
A race that gives no more than it receives,
And paying the price they stick to till I'm broke,
I'm tempted to say, Go on, yank up, you thieves.

From what I've known of higher things than prices,
From love of self to love or martyrdom,
The Gentiles own at least one half the vices,
And yet their virtues give them Kingdom Come.
A Jew gave up his life to give them that,
They say, and pay the Jew this tit-for-tat.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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A Poet of the Pacific

THE new selection of Genevieve Taggard's poems, made by herself, ("Travelling Standing Still": Alfred A. Knopf) brings her artistic personality before us as none of her previous volumes has done. She has here chosen from these three earlier volumes twenty-eight poems; and she has exercised, in dealing with her own work, the same excellent critical judgment which has distinguished her literary reviews. One had always been aware of Genevieve Taggard's distinction, and of the integrity of her art; but one had never seen her outline as clearly as that of certain of her sister-poets. One had been aware of her originality, but would have found it a little difficult to say in what precisely that originality consisted. She has never stood out so vividly in the literary garden—a plant of a unique variety bringing forth flowers of a certain shape and color —as, say, Elinor Wylie or Louise Bogan or Léonie Adams. But in this book she has so stripped herself down, has so rigorously reduced her writing to a residuum of what is most authentic, that it has become possible for the first time, at least for a casual reader, to recognize her poetic personality as something solid and distinct. She seems deliberately to have brought herself to focus.

And the impression of Miss Taggard one now gets is something a little unexpected. If one had tended vaguely to confuse her with a familiar school of women poets—the school which one of their number has herself recently described as the "Oh-God-the-Pain Girls"—Miss Taggard has shut out of this book anything which might encourage that temptation. What we find is a kind of poetry which, however else it may move us, is not in the least "poignant"; and we see that Miss Taggard's point of view, her temperament and her intention must somehow differ from those of the poets with whom, as I say, we tend to class her. I believe, in fact, that she differs from her sisters in certain important fundamental respects, and that they in some ways resemble each other far more than she resembles them.

It seems to me, then, important to remember that Genevieve Taggard was born in Honolulu, the daughter of American missionaries; and that she grew up and spent all her early years (she was educated at Berkeley) in Hawaii or on the Pacific Coast. Now, we do not, as a rule, in America, get our poets from the other side of the continent. Most of Miss Taggard's distinguished sisters were born on the eastern coast. And when we come to reflect upon it, we may even be led to ask ourselves whether the moods and emotions on which lyric poetry depends are not, to a considerable degree, the products of varying weather. In countries where the seasons change, our feelings also run to extremes: the intensity of our works of art is the result of acute contrasts of feeling, and these contrasts seem to correspond with acute contrasts of climatic conditions. In our autumns, with the death of vegetation and the darkening of the skies, we are reminded of the passing of love, the shortness of life; in our winters, we are turned in on ourselves: as our bodies redouble their calories against the freezing of the winds, so our spirits must generate fire to set off the desolation of the landscape; and in spring, we feel so much relieved at the revival of vegetation and the restoration of warmth that our hearts become hysterically gay. And also poverty among us is worse; privation deprives us of more. And where life is hard or bleak, we produce characters to meet our conditions—people who are harsh without and generous-hearted within, or people who are cold without and passionate within. But the natives of our Pacific coast have never been subjected to these discordant heatings and coolings: there the weather is equable and bright; the sea is calm, the scenery agreeable; the flowers bloom all the year round, and there is more fruit than people can eat. The natives live all the year round in the sun, and they are comfortable, amiable and healthy. In Southern California, for example, one is surprised even to come upon a graveyard: one had forgotten that people died; and the gentle earth itself seems to bear its graves lightly.

Now in the poetry of Genevieve Taggard, we become aware of this Pacific sun. If most of the lyric poetry we know owes its vividness, its poignancy, its passion, to the coldness, the stoniness, the bleakness, the meagerness, the illness, the death, with which the poets see themselves surrounded—so Genevieve Taggard's is the wisdom of the western spaces and suns; and it is quite different from the wisdom of our keen Eastern winds and narrow streets. The most striking feature of Miss Taggard's temperament, in contrast to the writers of the East, is the fact that her poetry is so rarely the result of a sharp reaction from one extreme to the other: a native of the Pacific coast does not react against nature, as so many of our New England writers have done, because she has never been led to indulge in those intellectual and moral overdevelopments which make nature an enemy; and, on the other hand, she does not react against ascetic states of mind back in the direction of nature again, because she has always taken nature naturally and has never divorced herself from it. She is simply and spontaneously sensuous; she is sensuous as a matter of course. And in the case of many Californians this means that, as they are never forced to think by moral dislocation or difficult living, they never think at all; and that the problems which arouse, perplex and torture the less fortunate parts of the world have no existence for them. One remembers the young Californian girl who, when shown in a Spanish mission a painting of the agony of Santa Clara holding her severed breasts on a plate, asked innocently whether they were peaches. Now Genevieve Taggard is in some respects (and I don't mean to be uncomplimentary in saying so) more like the girl who asked this question than she is like Santa Clara; but she differs from many Californians in the fact that she brings to her sensuous experience a shrewd and subtle mind —a mind, even rather "metaphysical." And the peculiar interest of her poetry lies in the rare opportunity it gives us for watching such a mind and such a temperament in contact with the West and with the East.

For Genevieve Taggard, like most gifted westerners, has come East. The first effect on her imagination of one of our eastern winters is to be found in the elaborate "Ice Age." This remarkable poem is a fantasy about people deprived of sunlight by one who has never been frozen up. Ice has often been made terrible in literature as a symbol of the death of human feeling, from the traitors in

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Dante's Hell, frozen in the nethermost pit, to Brand, crushed by the avalanche; but Genevieve Taggard's "Ice Age," vividly imagined as it is, does not bring us quite to the tragic climax which its shuddering and effective crescendo leads us to expect. And in the end, we come to recognize that the vision has had no moral significance: the poet has not been writing of the cold as a New England writer would. Her poem has been merely the result of a first uncomfortable taste of cold weather on the part of a person who has been used to warm: she has merely been attempting to imagine its possible effect on human life. The "Ice Age" corresponds to a luxurious dream of the Orient, full of spices, dark-skinned slave girls, strange music and rich stuffs, by the inhabitant of a large modern city who has been reading the Arabian Nights (not that this is a low order of writing: "Kubla Khan" is a product of the same kind). And so, despite its sustained brilliance, it remains something of a *tour de force*. Yet she has left Hawaii behind: her poems on Hawaiian sun-myths, which are the natural antithesis of the "Ice Age," are less, perhaps, rather than more vivid. Such memories as have supplied her with a few full-flavored little poems, such as "The Tourist" and "Thirst," must presently run dry.

And what we finally get is a poet of our common human experience who, despite her busy and fastidious intellect which embroiders it sometimes like lace, stitching it in and out, is singularly close to the ground. Whatever she may say in moments of bitterness—and in admirable verses, such as "The Quiet Woman" and "Dissonance Then Silence"—she accepts the things that life brings her as natural and right. It is this, perhaps, which has made it possible for her to write in the poem called "With Child" the only respectable poem on child-bearing that I remember ever to have seen: the poet here does not even, as is often the case with women writers, repudiate or war with the woman. And even in "B. C.," where her note is tragic, where the poet tells the mother of Christ that there is in store for her "only agony and another loss of your being" to bring forth "an angelic shadow"—her tone seems really one, not of tragic bitterness, but simply of sympathetic understanding and acceptance of the common lot. And I believe that I enjoy her most completely when, as in the charming "Spring Touch" and "Talking Water," she is most sensuous and least anxious.

But Miss Taggard has learned the habit of anxiety from her sisters in the East. In her contribution to a symposium of "statements of belief" in a recent number of the Bookman, she confesses herself in a parable from her early experience as a singer: she tells us that, when she was at school and had to sing four-part songs, she always "sat with the altos and sang the dark humming parts"; at last, a singing teacher came to the school, applied her octaves and diagnosed her as a soprano; the young Genevieve Taggard announced her intention of continuing to sing alto; "Very well, and ruin your voice," said the teacher. "You have a real soprano. And you might sing solos." And it may be true that the fact that Miss Taggard, in literature as well as music, seems not quite to have found her true voice, that she seems sometimes to sing alto with constraint, is due simply to some anomaly of temperament. But I am inclined to believe that her situation between the Atlantic and the Pacific has had something to do with it, too. Her eager intellectual appetite has brought her to the East and she has devoured our ideas and techniques. Fortunately for her, she has scarcely been touched by the contagion of the megrims, the nausea-attacks, the sterilities and the hypochondrias which nowadays go with them. One looks forward to seeing her take her place as a self-dependent personality, in some ways fundamentally different from any that we already know: I have felt about this volume of selections, so solid, so clean-cut, so well disciplined, that it does not represent the summing-up and final monument of a career, but perhaps the cornerstone of one. And who can be sure, after all, that the American poets of the future may not emigrate from New York to Los Angeles?

EDMUND WILSON.

Irving Berlin

THE Forhan hour, Station WEAF, a few weeks ago was devoted to a musical summary of the achievement of Irving Berlin. Tuning in, without foreknowledge, I caught a stray word which gave me the appalling impression that I had lost a friend and America a composer, for the announcer spoke with the gravity and sentiment generally reserved on the air for Victor Herbert alone. Presently I recovered. Mr. Berlin is alive, thriving, and is launching two new songs.

I can hardly remember the time when I wasn't singing something by Berlin; a whole generation of adults in America has grown up on his songs. It is something like a dozen years since I began to write about these songs without, I am rather glad to say, any effect on the composer or on the popular appreciation of his work. Berlin succumbs to influences: from his own life and from the surroundings of his professions (he has several); but apparently not from critics. The result is a continuity in his work. Take the two elements represented by "Alexander" and "When I Lost You" and you have the germs of nearly everything he has done since. He has developed; but as a composer he has not been blown off his course.

The record of his work coming through the air was more than delightful; it was impressive. First came his youthful group carefully selected so that each number suggested the half-dozen others in the same vein written in the same period. I missed (or the broadcasters did not offer) "Alexander" and "I Want to Be in Dixie"; but I heard "Everybody's Doing It" and "The Ragtime Violin" and (I think) "The International Rag" in fragments—the Bermuda Naval Station has a powerful and irritating set of dots and dashes which blankets all other sendings. For variety a recent song, "Roses of Yesterday," was then sung; and then came a series of numbers from Berlin's productions including "Everybody Step" and "Lady of the Evening." Mr. Berlin himself selected the next group, which was meant to give a résumé of his present activities: "Say It with Music," "Always," "What'll I Do?" "All Alone," "Russian Lullaby," "Blue Skies," and "The Song is Ended." The notable thing about this group is that, with the exception of the first-named, they are all in the

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sentimental vein, and that Mr. Berlin omitted (perhaps the composition of the Forhan broadcasters dictated and limited the choice somewhat) all the masterpieces of jazz he has written, the fast and hot numbers like "I Love a Piano" and "Pack up Your Sins." I have a passion for these numbers and consider them Berlin's best work; but my feeling as one after another of these extraordinarily popular songs was reeled off was wonder that one man could have done so much. "What'll I Do?" "Always," "All Alone," and "Blue Skies" were thrown off by Berlin in a few years—two of them, I remember, in a single season; and they represented only a tiny portion of his output, the rest of which added variety to the tone, for these four are more or less in a single mode.

The two new songs were "How about Me?" (the title may be "It's Over"—I report names and words by radio only) and "Marie," the latter being the theme song of a movie called "The Awakening," featuring Vilma Banky and scheduled for showing presently in New York.

Like "Roses of Yesterday," "Russian Lullaby," and dozens of others, they are extremely sentimental, which is not a novelty in Berlin; like them they fail in melodic interest, which is new. Line after line is sung to a repeated tune, not distinguished in itself, and it is only when he approaches his climax, which is, in these songs, his ending, that Berlin gives the turn to the melody which has made him famous (as in "and *if* you are—all alone, too.")

Subject to radio correction, the words of one song included:

> Maybe
> A baby
> Will climb upon your knee,
> And put his arms about you
> But how about me?

and of the other:

> Marie, the dawn is breaking,
> Marie, you'll soon be waking,
> To find your heart is aching.
> Tears will fall
> As you recall
> The moon in all his splendor,
> A Kiss so very tender,
> The world will you surrender
> To me . . . Marie!

These are terrible lyrics and more terrible because they lack any particular adaptability to music, because they are full of padding ("a kiss so very tender," for instance, and the awkward inversion of "the world will you surrender"); they want the musical wit which Berlin put even into sentimental songs ("Some Sunny Day" and the end of "Always," for examples). The musical line is as heavy as the verbal; it lacks resilience and has obviously been stretched to its extreme of sentimentality.

In my now abandoned dealings with popular arts I have often been told that criticism from the outside, from intellectuals, would corrupt and spoil the native talent. I submit that criticism is exactly what would have prevented Mr. Berlin from writing such songs. And now I want to hazard a guess as to why he wrote them. First of all to say that he wanted to write them, that the outside pressure is not great, and that in all probability he thinks they are as good as anything he has written.

I said that Mr. Berlin has several professions. He is a song writer, he is also a publisher of songs; he is a composer of musical shows and also a producer of musical shows. On the surface, there seems to be no opposition between these occupations; actually they are in perpetual warfare and the compromise made by Berlin is responsible for his present output.

I came upon this in connection with the line in "What'll I Do?" which has always infuriated me: "With nothing but a photograph, To tell my troubles to"—the word photograph, occurring at the musical climax of the song, let me down, and I considered it a lapse of taste. Unlike his biographer, Berlin agreed with me. He told me that he had written an alternative line there; but that the boys in the office (of his publishing house) were sure that the photograph line would "wow them." Berlin not only trusts the boys; he likes them. He wants to make them happy by giving them a wow of a song. So he accepted their judgment. The publisher triumphed over the composer.

The composer then turned and triumphed over the producer. In the composition of a musical show some twenty numbers have to be written, and more than half of these are either so intimately woven into the text of the show or are so specifically written for intricate dances, that they have no chance of becoming great popular successes. Two or three songs from a production make their way in sheet music, or records, over the radio, to the peak of popularity. From his two "Music Box Revues," Berlin chose five pieces which were successful to any degree; yet the other numbers are just as hard to write, and the results do not compare with the returns from a single fugitive piece which may, without the investment of a show, run into a million copies in sheets and proportionate returns in its other forms.

I do not think that Berlin overvalues popularity, and he is safe from starvation now; it is natural, since his entire career has been built on the response of the great public, that he should use this as a criterion. (He once told me how much he would like to have written "Yes, We Have No Bananas," admitting that he had no respect for it as a composition.) This feeling, which in all probability he has never analyzed, leads him to write those excellent popular songs which no one can touch in their instinctive feeling for the singable melody; leads him also to write the uninteresting songs of sentiment; and—much more important—leads him away from the work he himself most wants (or at least wanted) to do.

The Music Box was the beginning of a new thing in his career; ultimately it was not to house revues, but a sort of American operetta, similar in scope and structure to "The Beggar's Opera." Berlin wanted to sum up in his work the musical feelings of America—not symphonically, not to express America in music exactly, but to

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weld together the various, changing, always interesting fragments of popular expression in music. He was entranced with "The Beggar's Opera" because Gay had done just that; the musical numbers were all song and all popular. Gershwin might go symphonic; Berlin knew that it was too late for him to impose a foreign structure on his talent.

The Music Box now rarely hears music within its walls. It is a piece of real estate, not the culmination of a purpose. I do not know if Berlin still owns his share in it; in any case, renting out a theater to a successful show is easier than putting a show into it, and the owner gets about 50 percent of the gross. The theater owner has dislodged the theatrical producer.

Berlin's fertility is still great; two months from now he may fling into the air a succession of songs as touching, as personal, as witty, as well made as "Blue Skies" and "What'll I Do?" and the rest. I am not deploring what he has chosen to do merely because a couple of songs displease me. Even in these it is possible to recognize Berlin's hand; and he is one of very few whose songs are marked with a personality: Gershwin, Kern, and Donaldson are the others who come instantly to mind, and there may be two or three others. What I dislike is the obvious abdication of Berlin's own position. He has needed criticism not to make him do what others wanted him to do, but to reassure him that what he himself wanted to do was preëminently worth doing.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Al Smith in the Hoover Cabinet?

SIR: In greeting Mr. Hoover as our new President, I ventured to urge upon him a step which may already have occurred to him as characteristic of himself in the role of an American rather than in the role of a Republican. Not only did he receive a record Republican vote; Governor Smith received a record Democratic vote. In spite of press verdicts as to "landslides," the result was more an electoral than a popular phenomenon. In fact, President Coolidge's vaunted vote was less than Smith's; and Governor Smith stands beside Secretary Hoover today as a second figure unprecedentedly beloved, honored and trusted by the American people.

One of the outstanding attributes in Mr. Hoover's career is his indifference to party as compared with principle. And I have adjured him, in many more names than my own, to consider whether or not he, who whole-heartedly and usefully served Woodrow Wilson, might as whole-heartedly and usefully be served by Alfred Smith. Mr. Hoover has notably refrained from belittling in any way Mr. Smith's superb record as a public servant. Mr. Hoover is not only with Woodrow Wilson in recognizing Smith's statesmanlike qualities, but with Charles Evans Hughes and other Republicans. Why should not our new President create a vigorous, human, honest and influential precedent in our politics by appointing Governor Smith to a cabinet post, possibly Secretary of the Interior, and win, not only by so generous a gesture in politics but by so deserved a rebuke to bigotry, unending respect?

It occurs to me that my suggestion is pertinent enough and patriotic enough to be made public, in the hope that many Americans of both parties may endorse it, toward the intelligent betterment of our public life.

WITTER BYNNER.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Writ Sarcastic

SIR: May I congratulate the New Republic on its choice of a critic for my book, "Catholicism and the Modern Mind," reviewed by the Reverend E. Boyd Barrett in your issue of November 14? It is so rare to find a secular journal asking a Roman Catholic clergyman to review a book dealing with Catholicism, that one may hope that the New Republic's initiative may prove an example that other secular journals may well follow.

Personally, I also am glad that the critic you selected in this instance is so staunchly and so sensitively conservative a champion of the orthodox Roman Catholic position. His discovery of heresies against Roman Catholic orthodoxy in my pages startles and shocks me, but at the same time I trust it will have a salutary effect so far as I am concerned. I hasten to assure this zealous guardian of orthodoxy that my lapses into heresy—if such, indeed, they be, and Father Barrett has been well trained in theology—were entirely unconscious, and will be corrected by me should the book reach a second edition. Meanwhile, I retract and anathematize the heresies discovered by Dr. Barrett—should they, indeed, be such—and all others which even he may have failed to detect.

While acknowledging Dr. Barrett's devotion and industry as a heresy hunter—an exceedingly useful profession which of late has been sadly neglected—and solemnly assuring him that in future I shall try to be orthodox enough to satisfy even him, I would suggest that he might be equally careful in the application of his critical standards to my book. He says that: "Mr. Williams appears to sympathize with the 'overwhelming [Catholic] American doctrine' against 'the assumption of the Pope's acknowledged place as head of the state,' and he would like non-Italian Popes, etc." And this in spite of the fact that (on pages 82 and 83 of my book) I explicitly state that "I am a heretic from the overwhelming American Doctrine." Personally, I am a staunch believer in the temporal power of the Pope.

That my book should have appeared without an "Imprimatur" or "Nihil Obstat," as Dr. Barrett complains, must have indeed shocked so orthodox a precisian; a fact which saddens me, as it contrasts so singularly with the undisturbed reception of my book by quite a number of American Catholic Bishops, who apparently did not consider the apparatus of the Church should have been applied to the reprinted articles of an irresponsible author who would be the last person in the world to claim that his views and opinions are in any way official, or in any way "represent" the Catholic Church. However, these bishops should rejoice, as I did, that the secular journals should employ clerical critics who have such strict standards of orthodoxy as those of Dr. Boyd Barrett.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.
Editor, The Commonweal.

New York City.

Tariffs and Land Prices

SIR: Professor Harry M. Cassidy gives a very excellent résumé of the growth of protective tariff sentiment in the South in your issue of October 31. It is well to be reminded of this tendency and the causes that have brought it about. However, I am disappointed that Professor Cassidy, as an economist, did not enter into a discussion of the effects of protection.

He recites certain facts as to the shifting of cotton-growing areas: that new lands are being brought into cotton production in West Texas and Oklahoma and that the older cotton-growing areas will find it difficult to compete with more productive new lands. That is true temporarily, but new cotton-producing lands are not inexhaustible either in area or natural fertility, so it might be well for Professor Cassidy to tell us something of what will happen in cotton production fifteen or twenty years in the future. The ordinary business man and farmer think largely in terms of the present. The economist, it seems to me, should think in terms of the future, illustrated by facts drawn from the past.

Mr. Cassidy might broaden the scope of his inquiry to advantage by fitting the following facts into his economic equation. The sheep and goat industry in the hill country of Texas seemed to

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be in hard lines following the War and down until 1923 when the emergency tariff became operative. This high protective tariff measure then was felt by the sheep and goat men, and the industry took on a new life. Prices of stock rapidly advanced, and especially stock for breeding purposes. This was expected, to follow the higher market for wool and mohair. However, the increased prices did not stop with commodities. The rent of land began to go up until now the average sale price and lease contracts are more than double those of 1922. While farm-land prices of the country at large have steadily declined since the War, lands for specially protected industries have advanced. What has been true of the sheep and goat ranges has also been true of cattle-range lands in Texas since the market price of cattle has been high. Is it not a fact that a protective tariff on any commodity that becomes effective in advancing the market price is finally reflected in, and absorbed by, increased rents of land? If this conclusion is correct—and the facts seem to bear it out—then land-owners are finally the only real beneficiaries. Professor Cassidy may find an opportunity to render a still greater service to the South by extending his study of the ultimate effects of protective tariff on production and distribution.

San Antonio, Texas. WILLIAM A. BLACK.

Are the Progressives Dry?

SIR: The election is over and it is now quite evident that this country is committed to the "Noble Experiment" of prohibition: that the country extends some distance, morally and intellectually, as well as geographically, beyond Manhattan.

Had Mr. Smith been content to abide by the Democratic platform, he would not have been left so far in the rear. There is no question but that the pronouncements of Governor Smith, in his Madison Square speech, finally decided the progressives to take a chance with Hoover, rather than risk the chance of losing what we have gained, with Smith.

The difference of 150,000 votes between Smith's and Senator Dill's vote in this state, I think, proves that. There were thousands, like myself, on the fence until his final announcement that he would undertake to change the Eighteenth Amendment decided us not to take that chance.

The prohibition experiment is destined for a longer life than the "Wet Atlantic Coast" expects, and for more drastic attempts at enforcement, until it is at least as efficient as the laws against theft and other moral misdeeds.

Prosser, Wash. E. O. RICE.

Conscription and Democracy

SIR: Although the British government seems to me at least to have been guilty of sustained and almost incredible stupidity at every stage of the story of the recent naval agreement with France, I venture to suggest that you are gravely mistaken in singling out for special reproach, as you do in your issue of October 31, the British acceptance of the French view on the reservist question. So far from "destroying all hope of limitation of armies in Europe for an indefinite period," this appears to me to open up the only hopeful line of advance towards that goal. Americans and Englishmen too often seem to be unaware that Continental nations on the whole regard our system of small professional armies as a danger to civil liberty and also as quite inconsistent with democratic ideals. They do not admit (and there is much to be said for their view) that the system of conscription is, as we are apt offensively to assume, somehow lower in the moral scale or more inimical to peace than our own system; and they are very well aware that the system which we desire to impose on them from our usual moral altitude is also that which happens to suit our own military needs. The problem of limiting armies is by no means hopeless; but if it is solved, it will be, I think, by the progressive shortening of the period of service so as to approximate gradually to the Swiss system, and not by insisting on the solution of the reservist question that we ourselves prefer.

J. LESLIE BRIERLY.

All Souls College, Oxford, England.

Public Utilities and a Fair Return

SIR: In considering the question of the public utilities, the matter of the rates of interest on investment which they are permitted to earn doesn't, it seems to me, receive sufficient attention. The state Public Utility Commissions are generally authorized by the state legislatures to fix sufficient charges to permit of a "reasonable" return for the investor. By some occult process the Commissions have arrived at the figure of 8 percent (in the case of the telephones 9 percent). But the Stock Exchange, the only accurate valuer in such cases, has put the rate at 4 to 4½ percent. In determining the rate of interest which investors will accept, the Stock Exchange is the final arbiter. Whatever any individual likes to urge, what he *has* to accept is what the Stock Exchange fixes because the prices of the Stock Exchange are determined by a jury consisting of the whole of the investors of the country. Today any investor in the stocks of public utilities is compelled to accept 4 or 4½ percent, that is to say, he has to pay such a price as will only return that rate of interest. Therefore *it is a fact* that investors *will accept* that rate of interest. Why should the consumers pay a higher rate? Those who argue for the maintenance of the existing and out-of-date rate permitted by the Commissions are not actually interested in the utilities or the consumers; they are solely interested in the profits they can make out of capitalizing the results of the errors of the Commissions.

COURTENAY ROWLAND.

Oakland, Calif.

Miss Millay and Her Critics

SIR: In your issue of November 2[illegible], one of your readers takes me to task—along with oth[illegible]ritics of Miss Millay's recent volume, "The Buck in the Sn[illegible]"—for having failed to note therein a foreshadowing of change. Your correspondent seems to feel that "the criminal injustice of the trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti has influenced the whole range" of Miss Millay's "thought and feeling." It may well have done so, but the fact is not apparent in her book. The smallest proportion of the poems included there alludes, even indirectly, to this matter. The poem on Sacco and Vanzetti is precisely in key with Miss Millay's early work, but less distinguished. I must, therefore, maintain that the turning point which your correspondent discerns is still hidden from the world. If Miss Millay is to write "poetry of . . . terrible beauty," I shall greet it with joy. But I cannot find in "The Buck in the Snow" the promise which your correspondent acclaims.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

New York City.

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The New
REPUBLIC

Winter Book Section

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The Season

CRITICS with a synthesizing habit of mind have pointed out the relation between business, which is the basis of our culture, and the arts, especially literature. It remains to be established by the Harvard Economic Service, or some similarly qualified body, that there is a correspondence between the business cycle and the reading habits of the people. We suggest that an examination of the present publishing season is a good place to begin. Externally, of course, it is obvious that the business of supplying reading matter has been accelerated along with other business, as the consuming power of the public has increased. The book market has boiled with the stock market. But with this difference; that in the book market there have been no market leaders like Dupont or General Motors. Best-sellers are not impressive in the season's list, and citation of sales above a hundred thousand is conspicuously rare in publishers' advertising. The most striking popular success is probably that of Mrs. Wharton, who in "The Children" has revived an art which was already on the way to becoming American classic. The ebullition is to be seen in the number of new houses in the field and the number of books published. Last spring there almost developed a sellers' market in manuscripts. Prosperity this season is not concentrated in a few issues, but is diffused, passed around. The methods of past best-sellers have been standardized, and the market will remain in equilibrium until some lucky hound picks up a new scent in the field of public interest. In what direction this will be found it is useless to prophesy. The story of everything seems to have been told; the secrets of sex are thoroughly explored; the lives of great men cease to remind us of anything; the novelty of adventure, physical and psychological, has worn off. But we may be sure that the book market, like the stock market, has still some thrills before it.

Of the literary interests from the past which have carried through the present season the War is still first. And in this field the third and fourth volumes of Colonel House's papers, and Professor Fay's "Origins of the World War," are undoubtedly the two most important contributions made by America to the subject. Connected with the War in the public mind is the most striking and valuable social result of the conflict, that in Russia. Books on Russia show an increase year by year, a sign that the experiment of communal life there under way is being followed with something of the attention which it deserves. "The Collected Works of Lenin" have reached, in the twentieth and twenty-first volumes, the Russian Revolution of 1917. Marcu's "Life of Lenin" is among the successful biographies of the season. Mr. Max Eastman's translation of Trotsky's "The Real Situation in Russia" is making us acquainted with internal politics in that country. It is natural to turn from Russia to Mexico, of which Mr. Ernest Gruening's account in "Mexico and Its Heritage" is monumental; to India, in regard to which Mr. Savel Zimand's "Living India" and Miss Williams' "Understanding India" are notable; and China, represented by Mrs. Richard Wilhelm's sensitive interpretation "The Soul of China."

In the general field of criticism of life and art, the publication of the second volume of the translation of Spengler's "Decline of the West" is an event, as is that of Julien Benda's "Treason of the Intellectuals." Of American works, the volume edited by Mr. Beard entitled "Whither Mankind" takes a leading place. The presidential campaign called forth considerable political criticism, of which Mr. Frank R. Kent's "Political Behavior" and

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Mr. Silas Bent's "Strange Bedfellows" are instances. The theme of individual freedom from public control in other fields than drink received rather striking attention, as witness Dr. Kallen's compilation, "Freedom in the Modern World," and "To the Pure" by Messrs. Ernst and Seagle. Popular social criticism a few years ago was characterized by a zeal for exposure of abuses which was called muckraking. Today a more sophisticated public demands the more intellectual approach called debunking. The skepticism which pierces the masks of pretension, sham and fraud has extended from religion and politics to science and art. Undoubtedly the most important work in the correction of the public view of institutions is the "Record of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case," of which four volumes out of six have appeared.

Biography has in these later years shown two vigorous tendencies, one toward the significance of social criticism, the other toward the interest inherent in the technique of fiction. Both tendencies have contributed immensely to its popularity. The biography of social criticism has indeed become the favorite weapon of the debunker, who is seen at his worst in Hugh Kingsmill's "Matthew Arnold." The best example of a biography of sound scholarship, making a wholesome appeal to intelligence as against fatuous hero-worship, is "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by the late Senator Beveridge. Another revealing record is the first volume of "The Life of Thomas Hardy," by his wife. Other important literary biographies are Ludwig's "Goethe," Curle's "The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad," and "Zola and His Time" by Matthew Josephson. Of fictional biography Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis' "Villon" is an extreme example.

In fiction and poetry it is more than usually invidious to single out either representative or distinctive works; and only a few can be mentioned, with apologies to many. The special theme of American fiction, that of pioneering merging into growth of the soil, is carried on this season with a difference in intensity rather than in form by Miss Rose C. Feld's "Heritage" and Mr. Vardis Fisher's "Toilers of the Hills." The novel of manners lighted by satire is powerfully represented by Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point." Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Extraordinary Women," Mrs. Anne Parrish's "All Kneeling," are, in different ways, symptomatic of the feminization of the world. Mrs. Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" gains in extension over "Black April," but loses something in intensity. Morley Callaghan's "Strange Fugitive," Mathilde Eiker's "The Lady of Stainless Raiment," and Mr. T. S. Stribling's "Bright Metal" add to growing reputations. Upton Sinclair's "Boston" powerfully revives the novel of social purpose. In poetry the season has been one of concentration—more interesting for the return of older poets in collections and selections than for novelty. An exception should be made of "John Brown's Body," in which Mr. Stephen Benét has revived the historical narrative poem by the help of fiction.

The Idealism of Julien Benda

The Treason of the Intellectuals, by Julien Benda. New York: William Morrow and Company. 244 pages. $2.50.

M. JULIEN BENDA is a critic who does not write often or too much. His "Belphégor," which some of us recognized as an almost final statement of the attitude of contemporary society to art and the artist, was published in 1918 or 1919. "La Trahison des Clercs" is the first book of the same type that M. Benda has written since "Belphégor"; it represents some years of meditation and study; we expected a book of the same importance. We are not disappointed. And just as "Belphégor," although based upon an examination of French society alone, applied to the relation of society to the arts in all Europe and America, so is "La Trahison des Clercs" of general application. It is, indeed, more general; for M. Benda now draws his illustrations from England, Germany, Italy and America, as well as from France. In these illustrations I do not think that he has been altogether fair; and as he has cited William James and Kipling, we are entitled to cross-examine him on his examination.

M. Benda's thesis may be divided into two parts, upon which we may find that we give separate verdicts. The first part is a general criticism of the political passions of the present time. The second part is a scrutiny of the culpability of certain noted men of letters, and implies a rule of life which M. Benda would lay down for men of letters of our time. In the first general diagnosis, I am inclined to yield complete assent; in the second part, he does not seem to me to have carried his analysis of individuals far enough; and the ideal that he holds up to contemporary men of letters seems to me to be infected with romance. But he puts a problem which confronts every man of letters; the same problem which Mr. Wyndham Lewis has solved for himself in his own way by writing his recent books: the problem of the scope and direction which the activities of the artist and the man of letters should take today.

With the first part of M. Benda's thesis I cannot deal in this short paper. No one can disagree with his statement of the "modern consummation of political passions"; his classification of passions of race (*e. g.*, the Nordic theory and the Latin theory), passions of nations (*e. g.*, fascism) and passions of class (*e. g.*, communism). I say that no one can disagree with the statement, which is made with all M. Benda's usual lucidity and concision; but the analysis could be carried much farther than M. Benda carries it. A new Remy de Gourmont could "dissociate" these ideas of Nationalism, of Class, of Race into their local components; and there is also the Religious Idea (not discussed by M. Benda) to be dissociated (with

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special reference to an actual controversy in England) into components such as conviction, piety, prejudice and politics. Each of these subjects would take a chapter by itself. Let us merely accept M. Benda's general statement of the "perfection" of these passions in the modern world—in universality, in coherence, in homogeneity, in precision, in continuity and in condensation; and proceed to the question: what is the role of the man of letters; does he today involve himself in these passions, and if so, why; and what is his proper function?

M. Benda brings a grave accusation against the modern "man of letters," whom he calls the *"clerc."* The accusation is retrospective, for it applies to most of the nineteenth century. The *"clerc,"* instead of sticking to his business of pure thought or pure art, has descended into politics in the widest and sometimes the lowest sense. M. Benda's instances are mostly contemporary and mostly French. For the sake of completeness, no doubt, he has added a few foreigners, such as D'Annunzio, Kipling and William James. Among these three *"clercs"* I can see nothing in common. D'Annunzio is a brilliant prose artist of pseudo-decadence, who took up with Italian nationalism as a new excitement; Kipling (it seems to me) writes of the Empire because he was born in India instead of Sussex (and as Mr. Dobree has said, part of his interesting peculiarity is that he makes the deck of a P. and O. liner seem as much British soil as Sussex or Shropshire); James is included merely because he voiced a rather silly enthusiasm for the American war with Spain. M. Benda is more exact with his own compatriots. Two of those whom he accuses are Barrès and Péguy. But one asks the question: has he carried his analysis far enough? I dislike both of these writers as much as M. Benda does. But the question is: are these writers dangerous because they have concerned themselves with practical and political matters, or rather because their attitude, both in art, speculative thought and practical thought, was wrong? Let us undertake to consider what are the causes of the inclination of men of letters—including poets, novelists and even painters (there is as yet no instance of a musician)—to occupy themselves with social theories: and second, to distinguish the artists or men of letters who excel in their proper sphere, but fail in their public occupation, from those who exhibit the *same* faults in their art as in their public activity, and finally from those who (if there are such) excel and are right in both.

Ours is an unsettled age. No one is sure to what "class" of society he belongs; at no time has "class" been more uncertain, and yet at no time has the consciousness of "class" been greater. Everyone is now conscious of class, but no one is sure what class is; everyone is conscious of nationality and race (our very passports impress that upon us), but no one is sure who or which or what is what or which race, or whether race is divided north and south or east and west or horizontally, or whether any of us is anything but a mongrel, and we suspect that the more we know about race the more clearly we shall see that we are all merely mongrels. We are conscious of these questions as a man with indigestion is conscious of his stomach. It might almost be said that everybody is conscious of every question and no one knows any answers. This has been called an age of specialization, but it is very much the age of the amateur. Not long ago I attended, with some curiosity, a "religious convention"; I heard a popular novelist and a popular actor talk nonsense for half an hour each, and then I left. There is, in fact, very little respect for authority: by which I mean respect for the man who has special knowledge of some subject of which oneself is ignorant.

The causes are, of course, many; and I merely mention these things in order to point out that the meddling of men of letters in practical affairs, to which M. Benda objects, is only one phenomenon of a general confusion. The publicist who writes about everything on earth responds to the demand of a public which has a mild and transient interest in everything on earth. All this is perfectly commonplace, and I only mention it in order to point out that it is, in practice, extremely difficult to draw a line between the mere vulgarizer of knowledge and the "intellectual" of wide interests. It is furthermore fallacious to group all the intellectuals who may be accused of doing somebody else's business, or of pandering to popular political passions, into one category, as an examination of M. Benda's instances will show.

> Today, it is enough to mention the Mommsens, the Treitschkes, the Ostwalds, the Brunetières, the Barrès, the Lemaîtres, the Péguys, the Maurras, the D'Annunzios and the Kiplings, to agree that the intellectuals [*clercs*] exercise political passions with all the characteristics of passion: tendency towards action, craving for immediate results, indifference to everything but the end in view, contempt for argument, violence, hatreds and obsessions [*idée fixe*].

This classification seems to me rather summary. To take the historians first: it is quite true that certain German historians, and still more, certain philosophers of history, have exhibited a bias in favor of national passions. It is also true of several other historians, not all contemporary with ourselves. Sometimes, when an historian has exactly the same bias as ourselves, we have the optical illusion of no bias at all; to many people Gibbon or Mr. Lytton Strachey seems to possess the virtue of detachment, instead of the virtue of a pleasant bias. The judgment of any historian must depend both on the degree of his prejudice, and (I am afraid) upon our moral judgment of the prejudice itself. And the historians, I submit, are in a class by themselves.

Far different is the case of writers like Péguy and Barrès. If anyone has done more harm than Barrès, it is Péguy. What these two authors have in common is a gift for language, and a sensibility for the emotional values of words, completely unrestrained by either logic or common sense. Like Hugo and Swinburne, they had no gift whatever for thinking; but unlike those poets, they disguised their lyricism in a form which looks to many people like a form of thought. But the question about such writers as these is not whether they have abused their gifts by applying them to the wrong uses, but whether they had any right to exist at all. The faults of the political outbursts of Péguy and Barrès are the faults apparent in all of their work; and if they are pernicious in politics, they are still more pernicious in literature. These two writers, again, are in quite a different category from Kipling. To make this difference quite clear would require a separate essay on Kipling, so I can only say this much: there is, no doubt, a bit of political jingoism in Kipling, but it does not affect his best work. The imperialism which is in all of Kipling's work, and in the best of it, is not a political passion at all; it has no practical aim, but is merely the statement of a fact: and there is all the difference in the world between the vision of an Empire which exists, and the incitement to passion for an Empire

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in the future. On this point, M. Benda is perhaps no more unintelligent than any other Continental writer.

Another author of our time, whom M. Benda does not mention, is equally to the point, and cannot be classified with any of the preceding. It is Mr. Wells. Wells is nearer to Barrès and Péguy than to Kipling, but must be distinguished from them very sharply. For whereas, to my thinking, there is a hopeless confusion in Barrès and Péguy which was bound to vitiate everything they wrote, Wells has positive, self-contained gifts for one or two types of imaginative fiction which are peculiarly his own. His imagination is that of the Common Man raised to the highest power. But being that of the Common Man, and of the Common Man of our time, it does not know where to stop. Hence there is a sharp division. Mr. Wells has all of the Common Man's respect for facts and information, and his imagination depends upon facts. When he uses the facts for imaginative purposes he is superb; when he uses his imagination to expound facts, he is deplorable. He has the Common Man's habit of assuming that if you have enough facts, you can dispense with reasoning, for the reason is supposed to be in the facts, instead of in the human mind; he is the reverse of Mr. Belloc, who supposes that if you have reason behind you, you can do what you like with the facts. The expected happens; when Belloc deals with facts, he fits them into his reason; when Wells deals with facts, he hampers his magnificent imagination, and becomes the quite unconscious victim of his parish prejudices. What a pity that Belloc supposes himself to be an historian, and that Wells supposes himself to be a biologist!

Another case which M. Benda does not mention, very different from that of Wells, is that of Shaw. Shaw has this in common with Péguy, that some of his faults must be referred to his masters—though it be as reprehensible to choose a bad master as to be a bad master. Péguy owes much to the philosophy of Bergson, which he translated into his own muddy rhetoric; the philosophy of Bergson after all is at least a philosophy; but what can be said for a disciple of the amateur crankiness of Samuel Butler? I cannot go thoroughly into the case of Shaw, but would only point out that here is the case of a kind of *trahison* not discussed by M. Benda: Shaw, the master of a lucid and witty dialogue prose hardly equalled since Congreve, and of a certain power of observation, squandering these gifts in the service of worn-out, home-made theories, as in the lamentable "Methusaleh."

Here then, in England alone, we have at least three instances of *clercs* who might incur M. Benda's displeasure: Kipling, Wells and Shaw, and no two of them in the same category, or doing the same thing for the same reasons. I do not say that there are not the same social circumstances behind them all to account for them all, but merely that you cannot pass the same judgment on any two of them as individuals. In France there is perhaps more uniformity, but great differences appear there too. The great weakness of Benda's argument is that you cannot pass directly from the criticism of an age to the criticism of the individuals who represent that age. It breaks down further when you recognize that for practical purposes there is not much difference between a *clerc* who excites popular passions himself, and a *clerc* who does so by his influence upon others. Bergson, one would say, fulfilled Benda's requirements for the pure philosopher; for, apart from one pardonable outburst in 1914, when, as I remember, he identified France with Life, and Germany with Machinery, he has written nothing but pure philosophy. Yet half of the most excitable authors of our time, in France at least, have been Bergsonians. Péguy himself is a conspicuous example; and Péguy is also the remarkable example of a writer who managed to influence many people, largely because he had so confused a mind that there was room for everything in it somehow. He was a nationalist, a Dreyfusist, a republican who went into rhapsodies over Napoleon's tomb, a Socialist and a Catholic of a rather doubtful sort. The influence of Bergson again, as well as that of Péguy and the ecstatic Léon Bloy, is strong upon the leader of the Catholic rationalists, M. Jacques Maritain. I have a warm personal admiration for M. Maritain, as much for his saintly character as for his intelligence; but I have never seen a more romantic classicist, or a Thomist whose methods of thought were less like those of Aquinas. His occasional intemperance of language, and his occasional sentiment, hardly qualify him for the philosophical crown which M. Benda is waiting to bestow upon someone.

And on the other hand, it is doubtful whether M. Benda himself deserves it. He holds up to the artist, to the critic, to the philosopher, an ideal of detachment from passions of class, race, nation and party, which, even though he does not clearly distinguish *passion* from *interest,* looks very admirable. But it implies a complete severance of the speculative from the practical which is itself impossible, and leads, in M. Benda's implications, to an isolation which may be itself a romantic excess. I must avoid entering upon any question which would require a definition of those terrible terms romanticism and classicism; but that is unnecessary, for we are concerned only with what is *called* romanticism. It is apparent, I mean, that when anyone nowadays attacks anything on the ground that it is romanticism, he is always himself in danger of falling into an opposite extreme which is also and equally romantic. M. Benda attacks Maurras and the "neo-classicists," for instance, on the ground that their neo-classicism is itself a phase of romanticism. I think he is right, though the charge does not seem to me to be nearly so deadly as he seems to suppose. What he does not see is that his own brand of classicism is just as romantic as anyone else's.

The only moral to be drawn, therefore, is that you cannot lay down any hard and fast rule of what interests the *clerc,* the intellectual, should or should not have. All you can have is a standard of intellect, reason and critical ability which is applicable to the whole of a writer's work. If there is a right relation of emotion to thought in practical affairs, so there is in speculation and art too. A good poem, for instance, is not an outburst of pure feeling, but is the result of a more than common power of controlling and manipulating feelings: the faults which made D'Annunzio, for instance, rather a deplorable politician made him a second-rate artist. The surest way, perhaps, of judging the work of an author who ventures into a new field, whether it be that of political controversy or some other, is to trace if we can the growth of his interests and their relations among each other. A man may be led, by the connections of things themselves, far from his starting point, just as Sainte-Beuve, as literary critic, was led to study the whole of social life. Where there is no vital connection, the man may be a brilliant virtuoso, but is probably nothing more. Even within one sphere of business, as in a novel or a play, the vital connection may be absent; and if it is absent, the novel or poem or play will not endure.

T. S. Eliot.

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Viva Mexico

Mexico and Its Heritage, by Dr. Ernest Gruening. New York: The Century Company. 728 pages. $6.

MEXICO has long remained an enigma, unknown and misunderstood. In part the three hundred years of Spanish colonial administration that kept the country sealed against foreign scrutiny, in part the persistent turmoil and factional murder that have served to continue the isolation since independence, in part the poor internal communication, great variety of climate, impassable mountain ranges, numerous cultural groups, and hostility to outsiders have combined to perpetuate ignorance and to foster such prejudices about the country as were developed by international controversy. Any attempt at unraveling the Mexican problem is a challenge and an adventure.

The book under review is the most successful attempt toward explaining Mexico available in print. As a contribution to our knowledge of its problems, it must be regarded as a great achievement. Nothing like it is known to the reviewer, either for scope or content. The author has left no important subject untouched, and has illuminated every phase of Mexican life and organization. For mere content, mere factual material, it is evidence of amazing industry and patience. In no one place can the reader interested in Mexico gather so much useful and significant knowledge. It will long remain a treasure house of information.

The author lays the background for an understanding of the Mexican problem by pointing to the different origins of Mexico and the United States; the first conquered by soldiers and gold seekers, the second occupied by settlers. The conqueror, carrying a Spanish feudal tradition, reducing a populated country and establishing a caste system, the second developing self-governing institutions. This colonial background of feudal aristocracy, large land-holdings, administrative corruption, subjection of the mass of Indian population, was perpetuated without significant change, even after the independence of Mexico from Spain in the early part of the nineteenth century. The early fifty years of the republic were a record of persistent internal rebellion, involving no principle and no program, only personal ambitions of petty military autocrats. The career of Juarez alone stands as a significant beacon light in the welter of chaos. But Juarez left Mexico largely as he found it, with the agrarian reforms a failure and only the Church weakened and formally separated from the State. The rise of Porfirio Diaz in the last quarter of the nineteenth century stands as the most remarkable personal achievement in Mexican history. In a country where there was neither order nor peace, he established both; in a country where governments changed in kaleidoscopic fashion, he retained power thirty-five years; and in a country that had no international standing before his day, Mexico achieved international status. This achievement was based upon a personal tyranny and denial of all forms of democratic expression, and in their consequences upon a disregard of national interests.

This historical background is followed by two short chapters, one on Mexico's Indian heritage, the other on the Revolution. Mexico is predominantly Indian—Indian in its food, its dress, its shelter, its song, and its prejudices. While the Revolution was in its origins political, the broader program only developed with the Revolution itself. Dr. Gruening points out: "There was no deliberate proscription against the aristocracy; no group as such was exiled; the lives of no category of citizens were declared forfeit. There was neither guillotine nor *cheka*." The story ends with a discussion of the Calles administration and the difficulties it encountered when it undertook to work out the broader aims embodied in the Constitution of 1917. These first three parts of the book, occupying 108 pages, may be considered as the author's introductory statement for the topics which he treats in the remaining 600 pages—land, the Church, the army, labor, politics, justice, education, health, foreign relations, women, and cultural products of the Revolution.

The underlying thesis is that the Mexican cultural complex consists of many races and many cultures in varying stages of development. More emphatic still is the insistence that the European civilization brought to Mexico has been largely modified and influenced by the persistent Indian culture. This thesis the author illustrates in every chapter of the book. "The Indian heritage" stands out in his treatment of religion, politics, the army, as well as in the contemporary educational and cultural revival.

The author has caught the quality of Mexico, its color schemes, its artistic temperament, its emotional variability, and its easy-going readiness to cast itself into an abyss. He has caught Mexico's freedom from hypocrisy.

> In Mexico a man may live as he pleases, think what he pleases, say what he pleases—that is considered his own business. He is not ostracized for it. . . . Imagine the fate of a painter (and his paintings) who, commissioned to decorate a city high-school, painted the ward politics and bossism of his municipality *as they are!*
>
> The reaction of various Mexican officials to whom I spoke of the Orozco paintings was illuminating: Two replied in effect: "Well, he is the painter, it is his right to choose his subject." Two others chuckled uproariously, saying of the paintings, "They're immense; they're priceless!" One said, "If only the rest of the teaching in the Preparatoria were so veridical, the boys would learn something." And another, a deputy, said with a smile: "It would be more appropriate to have the painting about the politicians in the chamber of deputies, and the one about the priests in the cathedral. The students can't appreciate them!"

But in spite of its great merits and value, the book has serious shortcomings, which it is more necessary to point out just because it will be widely read and long remain a standard volume in the field.

In his attempt to be objective and impartial, Dr. Gruening has succeeded in reproducing the opinions of the parties at controversy. The book, for instance, will confirm Americans in their Mexican prejudices, both good and bad. Those that believe the unkindest things will find an unlimited source to prove them right, and the author's expressed wish that his facts should not be torn from their context will remain unheeded. Those, on the other hand, who like to believe the generous and promising things will also find the material they need to justify their faith.

One could, in fact, take these 700 pages and make two books out of them, one a harsh, not to say vicious, attack, the other a generous, sympathetic, and friendly appraisal of Mexico and its people. The author has been led into this dilemma by his method, a method which consists to a large extent, especially in the controversial chapters, of quotations from conversations and books of differing opinions, and even of commentaries in tune with the quotation. In spite of his promised objectivity, the author finds himself unwillingly taking sides, but really taking different

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sides at different times. In his desire to be impartial and just, he lays himself open to the accusation of being unfair and unjust. Each side will quote him against the other. In this connection, it ought to be said that if the author had used in the rest of the book the descriptive method that he employed in dealing with problems of education, health, and cultural by-products of the Revolution, he would have achieved much greater internal unity, consistency of style and interpretation.

There are, however, other faults even more serious. The author devotes 100 out of 800 pages to the Church. Apart from the fact that the space is out of proportion when compared with all the other subjects the author considers, the treatment is such as to lay him open to the charge of being biased. The fact that he quotes Catholic authorities against the Church will not save him, in spite of the fact that he calls attention to the injustice suffered by Catholics in the recent conflict with the government, because it would have been just as easy to quote from equally reputable authorities an equally large body of evidence in favor of the Church, and the chapter will serve to confirm the attitude of the enemies of the Catholic Church both in and out of Mexico. Without having any special competence in the matter, the reviewer must submit that the following leaves much to be desired: " . . . the . . . degeneration in Mexico of the ministry from a noble calling into a sordid business . . . it is difficult to escape the conviction that acquisitiveness has been and is the dominant motive with a large section of the Mexican clergy." This would be an inadequate and incomplete explanation even for a purely business organization. After all, there are such things as belief in God even among Mexican priests.

The same type of difficulty marks the author's discussion of the Mexican trade-unionism. It is hard to decide whether the author is friendly or unfriendly to the Mexican trade unions. That would be consistent with his aim at impartiality. But in this case, as in many others, the author permits his momentary sympathy with the particular point of view to lead him into judgments which he himself repudiates on the next page.

Another even more serious difficulty which the author has fallen into is in the discussion of Mexican-American relations. As a piece of historical writing it is graphic and revealing. The picture he draws of Henry Lane Wilson is one that will make many an American hang his head in shame, and that of President Wilson, on the contrary, will make most Americans who read it proud of his forbearance and sincerity. But when the author gets to discussing the controversy between Mexico and the United States, he seems to the reviewer to have missed the point at issue completely. He takes sides against Mexico in the controversy by the statement: "In my judgment, logic and equity lie preponderantly with the United States," which is a position contrary to that arrived at by most students of the legal problem involved. The author goes on to say:

> The right of a sovereign government to pass such legislation . . . is only slightly germane to the issue; for while the Mexican government has in its official correspondence mentioned that right, *its essential insistence has been that the legislation was not retroactive and confiscatory.*

Here, as the reviewer sees it, he completely misses the point of the Mexican definition of retroactivity. This definition is that an act is not retroactive if it conserves into the future the expected usufruct, even if it changes the legal basis upon which it rests. It concedes that right to the expected usufruct not merely by converting a fee simple into a concession, but by granting judicial recourse to the owner in case of any actual damage. To call this confiscatory and retroactive is to have missed the whole point of the Mexican argument.

More striking even than this is the author's comment that the sale of arms by the Coolidge administration to Obregon during the de la Huerta rebellion "should have placed the ensuing Mexican administration under a heavy moral obligation. For, clearly, the Mexican position, which was predicated on the fullest sovereignty and independence of Mexico, contrasted sharply with the government's inability to save itself without United States aid. However wounding to Mexican pride, the fact was there, and the Mexicans should not have forgotten it." Such argument, if adopted as a consistent doctrine of United States relations with Latin America, would lead to strange consequences. We sold arms to Obregon not so much as a favor to him, but as a part of our policy in Central America to maintain existing governments against military rebellion. But even if we did it as a favor to Obregon, to argue that the succeeding Mexican administrations were under obligations to reverse a policy of land-holding and utilization of natural resources going back in Mexican history for many hundreds of years is to argue the impossible. It would, if followed to its logical conclusion, place every government in Latin America that had maintained itself in power through American backing under the obligation to change its social and economic structure, and its fundamental national policies at the behest of the American government. Given the persistent rebellions in Latin-American countries and the ever-ready application for outside aid, if such aid were forthcoming, the doctrine would ultimately lead to a type of political and economic tutelage, not to say control, by the United States which might in the long run prove more comprehensive than direct occupation.

Dr. Gruening, however, seems to miss an even more fundamental issue. The inherent structure of Mexican economic and social organization is such as to require a flexible legal formula for land-holding and land utilization, one that would make possible a great variety of types of land tenure and rights in land. The great complexity of the primitive cultural groups in Mexico makes any single legal doctrine for land-holding unworkable. In a considerable degree the whole Mexican Revolution was fought to rewrite that concept into the organic law of the land. That is the basic import of Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917. The resulting conflicts over land and oil are mere incidents in the historical process. To argue that the Mexican government should have foregone that formula because one of the groups of the Mexican Revolution was retained in power by the aid of American intervention is to argue that the Mexican people surrender the basic fruits of their revolution for the sake of keeping one of their revolutionary groups in power. It would perhaps have been less damaging to have argued that, faced with such an outcome, the Mexican administration, in gratitude for American aid, should have handed Mexico over to the United States.

It is impossible in a review to do justice to this remarkable book, even to comment on such important chapters as those dealing with land, the army, and politics—all interesting and challenging. The book will, as it deserves, be widely read.

FRANK TANNENBAUM.

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A Dramatic Goethe Biography

Goethe: The History of a Man, by Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 647 pages. $5.

IN THE Goethe house in Weimar there is preserved a life-mask of the poet at sixty-six, which can hardly fail to produce on those brought up in the traditional view of Goethe a surprising effect. An indescribable mixture of strength and softness, of firmness and chagrin, of force and withdrawal; a powerful structure of mouth, brow, cheek-bones, and forehead, overlaid with a network of lines telling of petty perplexities, vexations, and frustrations harbored until they had permanently engraved themselves upon that mighty countenance, produce a total effect more of multitudinous distress and discontent than of tragic aspiration and fatality. There is nothing of the Olympian aloofness, the Jove-like serenity, the effortless superiority to the turmoil of reality, the sublime and universal harmony of the mythical personality construed by literary and academic tradition.

Emil Ludwig, in his "Goethe: The History of a Man," has been the first to break with the tradition. He has the dramatist's vision of vivid and climactic events and situations and their immediately striking, and frequently crucial, relations. Conversant with the mass of detail concerning Goethe's daily life and personal traits gathered by three generations of scholars, he succeeds in producing a vivid and intimate portrait.

Yet, after the first freshness of the impression has faded, there rises in the reader a vexatious feeling of something monotonous and of something wanting. The fault seems to lie in an inadequacy of perspective, a certain thinness, not to say falseness, of emphasis, and a tendency toward insufficiently substantiated extreme conclusions. Mr. Ludwig's purpose of conveying with poignant immediacy to the unsophisticated part of his reader the more elementary side of Goethe has compelled a sacrifice of values less striking and dramatic, but more relevant and permanent. For Goethe not merely *was* a man who died in the early spring of 1832; he *is* an epochal personality, the most comprehensive personality still in process of emergence from the richest and most germinating period of the modern age.

Goethe said of himself, early in his literary career: "Whatever I do, the whole of me does." Organic unity of personality, integral totality of being, was his ultimate standard of all reality and value. The selective stress laid by Mr. Ludwig on "the Man," is no less distorting than the traditional, academic emphasis on Goethe's theoretic interests. Mr. Ludwig's discussion of the vast background of ideas upon which the drama of Goethe's mind took place, and the unparalleled richness and continuity of his labor on the historic synthesis of the chaotic conflict of cultural tendencies toward the end of the eighteenth century, is scant and without distinction.

The four main roots of Mr. Ludwig's interpretation of the "man" Goethe are contained in the terms: the "dæmonic," "genius," the "two souls" or the "duality" of Goethe's personality, and "Eros," love, particularly of women.

The first three of these form a unity of philosophical and psychological ideas, the first part of whose history, from the late seventeenth century until the publication of Rousseau's main works, is dominated by English, French, and particularly French-Swiss thought; the second from about 1767, the date of Herder's "Fragments concerning Literature," till the present, by German philosophy.

The term "dæmonic" designates a chaotic, impulsive, unconscious or subconscious principle, a titanic inner force, which carries on its fateful operations in the deepest foundations of being, far beyond the will and the reason. It is the vitalistic core of passion, of intoxication, ecstasy, spellbound vision, of the mystic sense of enraptured identity with the primary and supreme forces of the universe. In the philosophy of Nietzsche, by which Mr. Ludwig seems profoundly influenced, the "Dionysian" principle corresponds to this term.

"Genius," the opposite principle, to which corresponds the Nietzschean "Apollinian," is interpreted as the supreme principle of harmony, order, control, moderation. It also seeks universal unity. But this unity is conceived as a perfect and unchallenged rule of reason, deliberate purpose, and form over the primal urgencies, the tumultuous ardors of instinctive life, not as headlong absorption in the latter. "Genius" would thus express the spirit of the modern, especially Nietzschean, conception of the "classic," the "dæmonic" that of the "romantic" or the "naturalistic," view of life.

The determining function assigned to these two principles tends to introduce much confusion into Mr. Ludwig's interpretation of Goethe's character and thoughts. Goethe never used the term "dæmonic" until he was about seventy, *i. e.*, after all his "dæmonic" work had been done. During the most spontaneous periods of his activity, especially during the period of "Goetz," "Werther," his most passionate lyrics, the original "Faust," he, in common with the "Storm-and-Stressers," identified "genius" with the very principle which only later, through the animistic cosmology of Schelling, and of Romanticism generally, received the unfortunate designation of "dæmonic."

Out of the antithesis of these two principles which in Goethe's time was called "polarity," there developed in Goethe's thought the conception of the "two souls," of which Faust, in the third version of the first part of the drama, made for the most part in the middle of the nineties ("Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast"), became the final embodiment. This duality, in a vast variety of concrete applications, was Goethe's fundamental criterion of character. All his important poetical characters are divided into two classes, the class of the emotional, imaginative, creative personalities, the Fausts, the Tassos, the Wilhelm Meisters; and the class of the rationalistic, pragmatic, philistine characters, Wagner in "Faust," Werner in "Wilhelm Meister," Antonio in "Tasso," and so forth. All his heroes belong to the first class, his inferior characters and villains to the second. The former are his "geniuses," dominated by the very forces which Mr. Ludwig would have to designate as "dæmonic" and antagonistic to "genius."

In his later work, especially in "Wilhelm Meister," Goethe tried to bridge the gap between the two poles by a number of intermediate characters. But all these are drawn as modifications of one or the other primary type.

As to "Eros," that is, chiefly, Goethe's loves, Mr. Ludwig gives a warm and just account of the poet's life with Christiane Vulpius. He paints a vivid picture of her ability, goodness, charm, and faithfulness. The story of her saving Goethe from death, at the time of the French invasion of Weimar, by her unflinching courage and presence of mind, forms the tense climax of this chapter. Mr. Ludwig does not, however, seem to understand Friederike, Goethe's first great love, or Lili, the only woman to whom

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Goethe was formally betrothed, or the importance of these two women for Goethe's life and art. Goethe never after wrote songs comparable to his first "May Song," "Heidenröslein," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "König in Thule," "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," each one of which is worth more than all the Zuleikas of the "Divan," with their cloying eroticism. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Ludwig can say that the first part of Goethe's life was "almost empty of love poems." With the exceptions of the Marienbad "Elegy," written in his old age, there is no lyric written after 1790 which can bear comparison with the love lyrics written between his twentieth and his twenty-sixth year. And most of the greatest, the immortal ones, among these are permeated by the spirit of Friederike. Nor has Goethe ever created another character so fresh, so infinitely tender and lovely as Gretchen in the original "Faust." She is the one supremely tragic figure among the creations of his genius. Friederike was his model.

Mr. Ludwig's readiness to hasten to extreme conclusions is particularly apparent in his account of Goethe's relations with Friederike, Lili, and Frau von Stein, and in his attribution of "Wallenstein's Lager," the first part of Schiller's "Wallenstein," to Goethe. The legend of Goethe's authorship, once rather widespread, is wholly undocumented and contrary to all literary evidence. Goethe at fifty, as all his works show, was incapable of the dramatic terseness, the energy, the stylistic tempo of that exceptionally vigorous piece of writing.

Goethe was the most complete modern being, through his unequalled richness and sympathy of perception and of fruitful response to reality. He had, further, the greatest mastery and art of language. His importance for the development of modern German is second only to Luther. And finally, he incorporated in his person and literary works most fully the historic synthesis underlying the German classic era. In his work the vital intellectual concerns of his age attained to personality, to individual dispositions and characters, and to their proper temperaments. In him, more than in any of his contemporaries, the spirit of the greatest period in modern German literature became definitively articulate and alive.

The time is ripe for a properly selective biography, in which those parts of Goethe's work and concerns which, being no longer momentous, clog the main avenues of approach to the distinctive qualities of Goethe, are largely put out of the way. Mr. Ludwig clearly aimed at this simplification. His success, however, is rather insufficient, owing to his disproportionate preoccupation with the elementary parts of Goethe's nature.

The authorized English translation, made from a text abridged by half and dedicated by the author himself in a clever preface—more clever perhaps than substantial—to G. B. Shaw, has been well done. The only part of it which seems open to question is the effort to render the many quotations from Goethe's verse in identical metrical and rhyme forms. In a work of this character, the principal interest of the reader demands as exact as possible an equivalent of meaning rather than of form. The many and serious changes of the meanings pertaining to the original imagery and terminology, with their far-reaching differences of connotation, intensity, and "tone," dictated by the exigencies of metrical form, obscure the illumination intended. A strictly literal rendition in prose would seem more satisfactory. It may be added in conclusion that the proof-reading, especially in the latter part of the volume is far too casual for a book of such importance.

MARTIN SCHÜTZE.

The Gist of Wyndham Lewis

The Childermass: Part I, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Covici, Friede. $3.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS might be described as a man who is excited by his thoughts, rather than a thinker. During the years he spent in retirement after the War, he discovered that the world was being corrupted with bad ideas. And when he emerged from his silence, it was with a rattling of his pen in its holder, a bristling of italics, and a genius for vituperation. He threw himself into the valiant job of slaying all the wicked dragons of current philosophy, checking the growing tolerance of sexual perversion, stamping out the cult of the Child and the primitive, rescuing society from chaos and reason from sensationalism—all at once. Since then he has been laying about him with fine ardor, preferably despatching three dragons in a single paragraph, and often too hurried to distinguish between them. He has published "The Art of Being Ruled," "The Lion and the Fox," "Time and Western Man"; and is now summing up the case—indeed, all the cases—in "The Childermass."

It would promote a general understanding of Mr. Lewis' present "epic," which is staged outside the gates of Heaven, if the publishers would print his three previous lengthy books as an appendix to it. For it is the same material in a new form: Mr. Lewis has thrown all the ideas expounded in "Time and Western Man" back into the pot; and they reappear as a phantasmagoria of afterlife in a universe ruled by the Time-Cult. The mood of "The Childermass" is, however, not that of a prose epic —which Mr. Lewis is said to have called it—but of a satirical revue and musical extravaganza rolled into one.

It is not necessary to take our new savior too solemnly as a philosopher. In the opening pages of "Time and Western Man" he announced his book as "a disturbing, irritating challenge" and himself as preaching "neglected half-truths with violence." There is no doubt about the violence; and there cannot be much question about the half-truths. But once engaged in the heat of philosophical battle, Mr. Lewis becomes so aroused by the villainy of those who think differently from himself that he forgets his initial modesty. He is as fierce about his opinions as Mussolini (who was one of the baby dragons, labelled the "Cult of Action" and neatly speared in "Time and Western Man"—re-speared, of course, in "The Childermass"), and as tyrannical in imposing them.

The Most Wicked Dragon—and the one that has spawned all the other modern dragonets—is the cult of Time. Bergson conceived this monster in his theory of "duration," but the little fellow was in danger of dying of neglect until Einstein gave him new scales and made him respectable. From respectability he was very soon lifted, by Alexander, Bertrand Russell, Whitehead, and other conspirators, to the rank of a god. "Space-Time," in Mr. Lewis' eyes, is a hypocritical way of saying, simply, "Time." With the abolishment of Space went all stability, distinctness, universality of values, consciousness, and—finally—reason. Under the new god life became merely a swirl of "empirical sensational chaos," and the promise for the future "an eternity of intoxication." This pernicious doctrine, Mr. Lewis finds, has already begun to seep down from the philosophers, through the writers and painters, into the world at large: literature is given over to sensationalism; revolutionaries have become "time-tourists," reverting to the cult of childhood and savagery; male and

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female are growing indistinguishable; and instead of ends, we revere our instruments. Mr. Lewis appears as the champion of Space: the concrete, the reasonable, the conscious, the differentiated. For purposes of metaphysics, he recognizes an hypothesis of ultimate oneness to be the profounder: but for living he finds plurality and separation a necessity.

Obviously there is much common sense in this main position. And in "Time and Western Man" there is some of the most vigorous, racy prose that has been written since the War. It is by his prose rather than for any coherence of thought that Mr. Lewis commands our attention. His ideas tumble out head-first, foot-first, depending on what latest fallacy has caught his eyes, and the devil take the hindmost. He exaggerates, he distorts, he draws absurd deductions; but in the stress of the conflict his pen flames into brilliancy. For the secret of Mr. Lewis' tumultuous authorship is not his devotion to Space and reason: it is, at bottom, a lust for dragons to challenge, and the discovery that his powers flourish in challenging them. He is deriving a huge satisfaction from the combat. If he were really in love with the virtues of space he would, at least occasionally, exemplify them. He damns philosophers for digressing from the line of pure reason to catch followers by irrelevant appeals. But he himself uses every emotional trick of the successful politician. All his opponents are discredited by calling them snobs: "time-snobs" (when they hint at relativity), "scale-snobs" (when they dare mention the insignificance of our solar system), democracy-snobs, and mathematical-snobs. He describes the "universal mind," which he is defending against the "time mind," as characterized by the tolerance of the classical Chinese and the sanity of the Greek; but in every attack he is sent sprawling by his own rush like an astonished victim of jiu-jitsu. Yet many of his criticisms are shrewdly penetrating (one has only to read him on Proust, Joyce, and Gertrude Stein to realize that), and the nimbleness of his controversial prose is a delight.

In "The Childermass" his splendid invective (which, like Mr. Mencken, he often mistakes for arguments) no longer appears in the naked form of the previous books. He has constructed a parable of it. The scene is on the great plain outside the entrance to Heaven, where the arriving souls are held for examination before being assigned to their ultimate lodgings. Two souls, who had known each other during the War, meet and set out for a morning's walk before the daily session opens. But this celestial plain is in the grip of relativity, and for a hundred pages or more Pulley and Satters reel through nightmare. Landmarks vanish as they reach them; Satter's sex changes disconcertingly and he reverts to childhood at inopportune moments; groups of souls who in life had not grown distinct enough to be admitted into Heaven (fear-neuroses) jeer at them like yeggs on street corners; they step suddenly into dangerous zones of past time. During all of this the psychological relationship between them goes through dizzying transformations. Dragons are met and conquered; and, although they are not named, the experienced reader will have no trouble in recognizing many of them, such as William James, Bergson, Whitehead, Alexander, Proust, Einstein, the cult of action, the cult of the pseudo-naïve, behaviorism, the problem of reality and what becomes of our personality when we are asleep (Pulley dozes, and his face at once begins to grow blank, like the face of a clay doll).

Eventually they reach the circus, where the Bailiff is about to begin the daily quizzing from his Punch and Judy box. The awaiting souls flock to these examinations to roar at the horseplay and applaud the Bailiff's quips: the scene is a vast burlesque on the Last Judgment. The Bailiff, with his crowd of sycophants, represents the new regime of relativity; the mock-Greek philosopher, Hyperides, surrounded by disciples (ardently loyal but incapable of grasping his thought), voices Mr. Lewis' mind and refuses to be passed into Heaven until his questions have been answered. The Bailiff blusters; and Hyperides is about to present his case when Part 1 ends. We are promised Part 2 next spring.

This is a satirical conception on an epic scale. But unfortunately its execution is far from epic. Instead of the direct, vigorous prose Mr. Lewis wielded in "The Art of Being Ruled" and "Time and Western Man," he has written his new masterpiece in a mannered, self-conscious style. When he wants to tell us, for example, that two old men are gossiping, he writes: "Two greybeards wag round dry parrot-tongues striking up upon gaping gums in dulled toothless palaver." No doubt he has forgotten a very just paragraph in "Time and Western Man" about the "lucid, logical" language that people employ when they want to communicate anything as clearly as possible; and that he added: "When the mind is most active it is least personal, least mannered." An epic conception carried out in his present style is torture. The reader is already too busy disentangling the confused thoughts to be asked to rewrite the prose.

Yet Mr. Lewis is unquestionably one of the most invigorating writers alive today. He hovers on the verge of greatness, always succumbing to the easier distinction of brilliance. His head is a scrap-bag of sound judgment and extravagance; but even his invective is seldom petty. He leaps from metaphysics to politics to literature, so full of combativeness that he has not yet had time to think any one of his thoughts through. And, in a pinch, he will sacrifice all of them for a slashing phrase. But his central thesis rests on a healthy intuition. And if he were to take to thinking his thoughts, instead of churning them, he would be not only a brilliant, but a powerful writer. As it is, he remains tempestuously ineffective.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

The Beginning of Romance

The Romanesque Lyric. Studies in Its Background and Development from Petronius to the Cambridge Songs, 50-1050, by Philip Schuyler Allen, with renderings into English verse by Howard Mumford Jones. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 373 pages. $4.50.

LOVERS of medieval literature have long been thankful to Professor Allen for his brilliant articles on the poetry of those pleasant makers of rollicking verse, the Goliards, whose poems were made known to a wide public by John Addington Symonds in his little volume of attractive title and not disappointing contents, "Wine, Women and Song." The present volume is not a rival of Symonds's book or of Mr. Allen's previous studies. In his search for origins and backgrounds, he extends the circle of the Goliards to that of medieval lyric poetry in general, which attaches to that of the Roman Empire, which cannot be understood without its formative influences, which flow from Greece and Egypt and the Orient and are transmitted and modified by Goths, Arabs and Celts from the Emerald Isle.

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What means "Romanesque"? With regard to the poetry of the later Roman empire, Mr. Allen takes issue sharply with the hardened classicist, who sees nothing but a steady course of degeneracy down into the blackness of the Dark and Middle Ages, and likewise with the "modernist," who picks out amidst the dull monotonies of pseudo-classic imitations a few true notes here and there that with ever-increasing clearness prophesy the outburst of a new and popular poetry in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Mr. Allen agrees with the modernist as far as the latter goes—only that he does not go far enough. The time has come, our author believes, to recognize as an entity this so-called literature of decadence "as separate from Roman as a Romance language is separate from the Latin tongue," "a species apart alike from classical inheritance and from vernacular beginnings," and to dignify it with a new term. He wants "a single word to refer to whatever poetry in western Europe since the Augustan Age derives its main elements of plan and construction, its purpose, theme and imagery, from Roman verse." With something like a flash of inspiration, the right name comes to him from the history of art—Romanesque.

The new term indicates the inner essence of this new poetry. "Its use may help to explain every historical departure of Latin writing from the classic idealism or formalism of Augustan Rome. No phrase is so satisfactory, so little vague as Romanesque poetry to indicate that the matter of verse has come to predominate over its form. Romanesque presumes in art the quality of the personal, ephemeral, emotional or sensual, as opposed to that of the ideal or ethos. It notes that less attention is paid to objective methods of composition than to the expression of subjective feeling—hence it always suggests *romantic* as opposed to *classical*." Again he speaks of "the process of lyric change from the manner of Roman to the whim of Romanesque, from urbane to rustic, from metropolitan to provincial, from conventional to realistic, from metrical to rhythmical, from melodic to polyphonic, from restrained to pathetic, from artificial to popular and colloquial." Here are enough epithets to define a species clearly. I will think particularly of subjective, intensive, pathetic, romantic and realistic, as we attempt to follow the stages of Romanesque lyric in history.

But here lies the rub. For although the nature of the species has been nicely defined, I find it hard to gather the specimens. The history starts with the short poems attributed, it may be rightly, to Petronius. I speak as a classicist, but I find it hard to recognize in the *arbiter elegantiarum* an apostle of romantic revolt. Of the forty-odd fragments, seven are printed here which are altogether classical in form and spirit. The flavor and the matter of Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid, Lucretius and Virgil are easy to detect. I would not treat them with the "base tolerance" expected of a classicist, or consider them as merely symptomatic of decay. I find that years ago I had marked as specially noteworthy two of those selected by Mr. Allen—not that they gave expression to something rare and strange, but that they upheld the old tradition well. One fragment that might perhaps have been quoted for the purpose of this book describes a "hag, wine-sodden, with quivering lips." This is realistic enough; however, I have met her before in classical poetry. In brief, I cannot see that "Romanesque" has begun.

When did it begin? One can pick out romantic, realistic, pathetic, intensive, subjective bits from the later poetry, sometimes cast in a Latin that has traveled far from that of Cicero. The *elocutio novella* in the second century and the Christian hymn in the fourth mark moments of great significance in the history of Latin prose and verse. But productions in the classical manner are still cultivated, at times with high success. While Ausonius, Claudian and Rutilius Namatianus are writing, it is hard to call the period "Romanesque." Especially arbitrary it is, while recognizing the generally Augustan character of Ausonius' verse, to find something so radically new in his famous poem on the "Moselle," that the difference between it and Claudian's "Rape of Proserpine" is "cataclysmic."

As we advance into the Dark Ages, though Professor Allen succeeds in making them considerably more radiant, we still are awaiting a literary period to which as a whole the term Romanesque can be applied as surely as it fits a certain period in art or as surely as the term Romance fits those modern languages of which it is used. While recognizing embryonic values, we should like to see the birth of the child. Much might be expected from the Celtic spirit which, in accordance with the "roseate" theory favored—and I believe rightly—by Mr. Allen, radiated, along with its own intensity, the ancient culture of Ireland upon the darkness of the continent. But the outcome for Romanesque was nothing propitious. The romantic temperament of the Irish encased itself in a "galling straitjacket of continental Latin meters"; it was "poured cooling into a classical mold"; it adorned itself with "the borrowed and therefore tawdry plumage of Classical Rome and Silver Latinity." Waiving this judgment of Carolingian poetry, which, hardened classicist though I am, I cannot accept, and which Mr. Allen in other places does not seem quite to accept, we are still left waiting for the great event: if the mountains have brought forth anything, it is something still smaller than a mouse.

Of a sudden, it comes, the invention not of mime or scop but of monk—the Renaissance of the tenth century. In the year 1000, when some old-fashioned historians imagine that people were expecting the end of the world, modern literature was just beginning. "It is not until the tenth century, as our record runs, that realism in the modern acceptance of that term enters into Latin poetry and obsesses it. Then a modification in European literature appears which shows that we have left 'dark ages' behind and are come to the threshold of the modern world." I heartily agree with Mr. Allen in his demonstration that much, if not all, of this literature is monastic, even if the somewhat legendary mime and scop may have done their bit to set it going. What I find difficult to see is the suddenness with which this literature appeared. In another place, it is the late ninth and early tenth centuries when this "creative realistic writing" suddenly appeared, and again, among the torch-bearers of this movement, who, "struggling with an inept Latin . . . gave direction to the glories of a later and vernacular literature," we note, alongside of writers obviously of the tenth century, such as Gerbert, Ekhehart, Fulbert and Roswitha, several of the ninth, as Notker (830-912), Godescalc (805-*c.* 869), and even Hrabanus Maurus (784-856) and Wahlafrid Strabo (*c.* 808-849). The last two, in fact, should be numbered among the Carolingians.

Finally, when Mr. Allen, paving the way with several rhythmical tales which, like the "Snow Child," suggest the easy merriment of the "Decamerone," and with various other varieties represented in the "Cambridge Songs," finds at last that "with the three songs that follow we have reached the goal for which our whole book has been but a record of the human strivings of younger Perceval towards his grail—we have entered into the fullness of a

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MEET GENERAL GRANT

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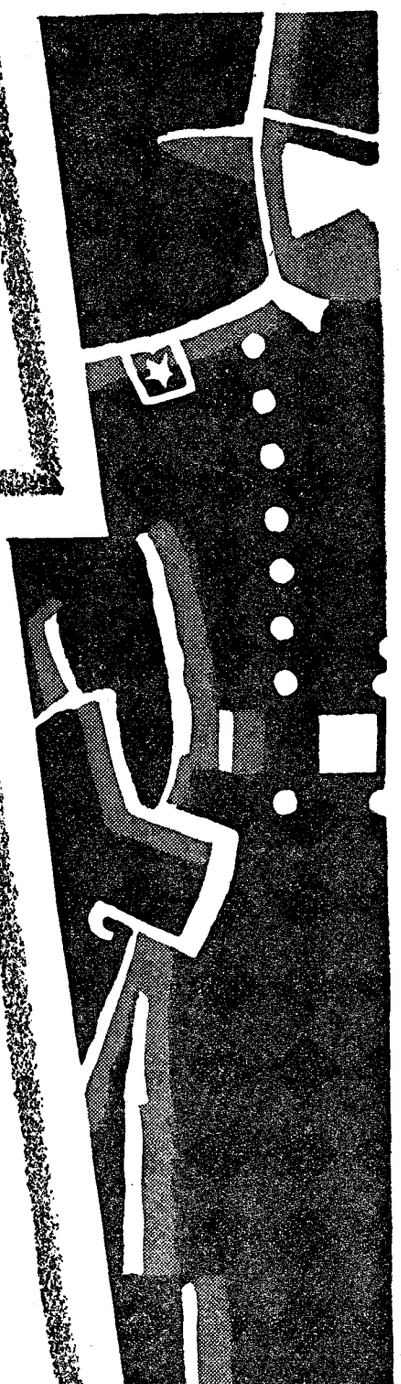
author of George Washington



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world of poetry that is our own"—what are these three poems? They all are to be found in the "Cambridge Songs," a collection put together at some time in the eleventh century, but all are earlier than that date. The first is "The Nightingale" by Fulbert of Chartres, who lived in the tenth century. This is a fresh and pretty poem in trochaic septenarii, somewhat recalling in form and spirit the warbling of the nightingale in the *"Pervigilium Veneris,"* save that in the ancient poem the music is in the minor key, with a note of pathos and world-weariness that some might like to call "modern." I fail to see why Alcuin's nightingale, included by Mr. Allen in his choir of Romanesque songsters, is not as full of the joy of life as that of Fulbert—or why either piece may not be said to continue the ancient classical tradition, which is familiar enough with sad or jocund but ever-tuneful birds.

The second symbol of the Renaissance of the tenth century is the *"Iam dulcis amica venito."* This, too, is pleasant verse, and "modern," in Mr. Allen's sense, in form, since one of the old meters used by Boethius has slipped from its quantitative leash and is done into lines of nine syllables which are indifferently long and short. The effect, to my mind, is crude and halting; the writer has not acquired the easy grace of accentual verse; he has merely dispensed with quantities. The subject—an invitation to the poet's loved one to join him in dining and wining and love—is not unfamiliar in the odes of Horace, who is honored by the appropriation of one of his phrases. Indeed, the poem rather closely suggests the Sabine bard's last love-song to Phyllis, both pieces, as it happens, being set to music in different manuscripts of the tenth century. That which contains the *"Iam dulcis amica"* is assigned by Strecker to the end of the tenth century, but there it is written as prose—an indication that this was not its first appearance. How much earlier was the date of its writing it were rash to guess.

Far more exquisite in form and far deeper in feeling is the third of the trio, *"Levis exsurgit Zephirus."* The verse is the simple iambic dimeter, used by St. Ambrose in his hymns, but here constructed on the rhythmical principle. The plaintiveness of the poet, or poetess, "a heart-sick girl (or some clerk for her)," who sang "about the year 1000" is as true as that in the priceless fragment that hundreds of years before recorded for all time the loneliness of Sappho. But again we must be cautious about the date of the medieval poem. It was written before the Cambridge Songs were compiled—but how long before?

The sudden "Renaissance" of the tenth century becomes less sudden and less definite the more closely we try to focus our lenses upon it. We are not sure even now that the movement of the great new birth has come. What is the matter? The trouble lies, I believe, in an attempt to define literary species on the basis of spirit rather than form. There is plenty of romanticism, realism, pathos, subjectivity, intensity and the other qualities that Mr. Allen associates with "Romanesque" in the classic poets of ancient Rome. If imponderables can be weighed, the amount of such qualities that one could abstract from Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace and Ovid, to name no more, would vastly overbalance what appears in the late Latin and medieval poetry discussed in this book. If wit were thrown in, the "Romanesque" scale would kick the beam. One mark of distinction there is: it is between the artistic and elaborate and the simple and popular style. This distinction was patent to the ancient rhetoricians and is abundantly illustrated throughout the course of Greek and Latin literature—and that of the Middle Ages from start to finish. We can do no better with Latin poetry in both antiquity and the Middle Ages than to mark its periods by the historical epochs which give it its general coloring, and to recognize and applaud what is true in feeling and beautiful in form, whether simple or ornate, whenever it appears. Novelties will meet us all the way along; and the strength of tradition will abide.

I have done a great injustice to Mr. Allen's book by devoting so little space to its real strength—its breadth of scope, its flashes of inspiration, its sturdy independence, its sympathy with humanity, its perception of the human spirit struggling for utterance in ages that the historian too often passes over as dead. Nor is its author by any means blind to the virtues—the Romanesque virtues—of the Augustans or their precursors, Latin and Greek. There are fine passages on Virgil's romanticism, on Cicero's prose style, on Ennius' obliteration of the earlier poetry, on Christian humanism, on civilization in Gaul and on other matters too numerous to record. Though we never lose the theme, it is so broadly treated that the book is an indispensable companion for one who is following the course of Latin poetry in the Empire and the early Middle Ages. The Latin texts assembled at the end of the volume—alas, with too many misprints—constitute an attractive anthology of poetry, interpreted to the reader not only by the author's comments, but by the remarkable renderings into English verse—even better than the originals, at times—by Howard Mumford Jones. These renderings are exact, with the larger exactness that aims to reproduce not words, constructions and meters, but sentiment, colorings and effects. In fine, nobody, not even a hardened classicist, can fail after reading this book to take a fresh delight in the poetry of the later Roman Empire and that of the early Middle Ages, or to be impatient for the sequel, in which we are promised the tale of Goliard Verse and Latin Minnesong.

E. K. RAND.

The Stage-Set in India

Understanding India, by Gertrude Marwin Williams. New York: Coward-McCann. 329 pages. $3.50.

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On the other hand, a lively procession of contrasting types of Indians musters to her roll-call. We meet oriental potentates, who lock sorrowful wives up in the *zenana* while they disport themselves in modern style at the races, or who hold magnificent *durbars* with elephants and bejeweled nobles. Indian officials, Nationalists, government clerks, untouchables, child brides, religious fanatics and half-wild jungle tribes beginning to drift to the steel mills and coal mines, move across her pages. There is a young Indian at a railway station at dawn, timidly begging her to sit on his bench under the veranda roof for fear that the dew would make her ill, whom one does not forget.

How is the complex picture of visible India to be interpreted? Before the five months were up, Mrs. Williams had hit on a thesis, set forth in her preface. As she watched the panorama, the Indian scene took on a third dimension. She saw India projected in Time, but Time stretching backward, not forward. "Without being sentimental or blind to India's failures, it is only just to remember that many of the customs for which she is most severely condemned prevailed throughout the world until the last few centuries, and still exist in our own backward communities. . . . India, peculiarly isolated both by culture and position, has never broken the chains that bind her to the Middle Ages." Guided by her sense of "an India slowed up by climate, by the inertia of age, by isolation but, underneath, of the same essential human stuff as ourselves," Mrs. Williams confidently offers her key to unlock the door of our understanding. Give poor old India a little more time. It will not be long before she catches up with the rest of us. Do not forget that Europe and the United States have also practised child marriage, if to a lesser degree than India; sanitation is only a hundred years old.

An attempt to explain India only in relation to the West and western standards, and not in relation to herself, is obviously no explanation at all. Mrs. Williams is too much the product of her own particular civilization, perhaps, to grasp the essentials for India. She knows so little of Hinduism, for instance, that she thinks the sectarian marks painted on the foreheads of many Hindus are "caste marks." But what of the guiding ideals of Indian life? Have thousands of years of experience taught India anything enduring, anything that need not suffer change under the impact of electricity, radio and the discovery of germs? Apparently not. According to Mrs. Williams, Christianity stands for something positive, Love. Hinduism stands for Renunciation, a negation. A Hindu might say his sages have taught that renunciation means giving up self, selfishness, and that real love only begins when this renunciation has been made.

Looking at the women of India, Mrs. Williams is haunted by a line in an old Chinese poem, "How sad it is to be a woman." In India women do not eat with men. Sometimes little girls may be seen carrying brothers almost as big as themselves. Even in kindergarten, girls seem sedate and have an air of "quaint pathos." When the evil of child marriage and the tragedy of widowhood strike into the heart, the cup runneth over.

Yet somehow, in spite of her misery, the Indian woman, in her own ideal of womanhood, rises phœnix-like out of the fire. "Education, suffrage, machinery to eliminate household drudgery, asepsis, the science of obstetrics—our own emancipation—are all very recent," writes Mrs. Williams. How pitifully thin this "emancipation" would ring in the ears of the orthodox woman of India, illiterate, ignorant of what it means to vote, still bearing her children under conditions of distressing hardship! If she were brought face to face with the woman of the West, she would neither greatly envy nor admire her. For all her privileged position, the woman of the West, in the eyes of the woman of India, falls short of the ideal presented by the heroines of her own poetry and mythology and history. Women like Sita, Savitri, Damayanti, Kunti, Sakuntala, Gargi, who in their lives showed unflinching courage, dignity, purity, steadfastness in love, unselfishness, perception of true values, glow with light undimmed by any comparison. Moral qualities transcend all others in the judgment of India.

There is a bit of Indian wisdom hidden in the following little tale. A mosquito—of unusual sensitiveness—apologized to an old water buffalo, expressing the fear that he might have caused some annoyance. "Brother," replied the buffalo, "bring your whole family, if you wish, and take up your residence on my horn."

Another India, the India in process of extremely rapid transition, is presented by Savel Zimand. Here we have a penetrating analysis of conditions and trends of thought, leading up to just such a verification of the author's observations as the recent Report of the All Parties Conference, issued in August, while Mr. Zimand's book must still have been in press.

To the western mind, ideas of political freedom come so naturally and simply that there is apparently nothing startling in finding that India, too, has raised the familiar battle-cry. One needs to know India to grasp the extent of the revolution in thought now taking place, though it is not so much a revolution as a new application and direction of an accepted principle. The passion for *moksha*, spiritual freedom, which sets an individual above the vicissitudes of his own fate and translates him beyond the inflexible laws of the phenomenal world, has possessed India for centuries. Intellectual freedom has also existed in India, unhampered by any sort of bigotry. Except during periods of foreign domination, people have always been free to believe and think as they pleased. With the exception stated, Indian history, as far as I know it, gives not one example of any great religious leader or thinker who was burned at the stake, or tortured or imprisoned for the particular view of truth he held or preached. On the other hand, society has not been free. It has been clamped down by iron-bound rules, regulating every detail of life from the manner in which a man is born to his final leave-taking.

We are now seeing the effort of India to remake the social fabric, to discriminate between rules that have the sanction of higher wisdom and those that merely have the sanction of hoary antiquity. Pressure from without and from within is in process of creating new economics. In the political field, leaders are demanding that India be self-governing, in order to direct future evolution in line with the Indian vision, handed down from the past. It is a tremendous program of change, requiring, for its fulfillment, the utmost of wisdom from India, the utmost of sympathy from the rest of the world.

In order to give the proper focus for understanding the recent events precipitating the present mood of India, Mr. Zimand devotes several chapters to the structure of Indian society. Hinduism, caste, marriage, communal tension between Hindus and Mohammedans, are discussed. Whenever he quotes, he gives names and dates. There is no hiding behind anonymous sources of information. He is obviously fair in his statement of facts, though some of his deductions or interpretations may be questioned.

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Are India's appalling poverty and disease the actual result of the doctrine of *Karma,* that a man's fate unwinds in accordance with his past deeds in this life or previous lives, and his consequent attitude of passive non-resistance? Or are they due to the curious circumstance, or whatever it may be called, that India early took the road of introspective investigation, searching out not the how but the why of this universe, while the western mind turned outward and adopted the purely scientific method?

So far, western science offers no conflict with the truths arrived at by Indian sages, though it seems to stand at loggerheads with the accepted doctrines of the Church in the West. On the other hand, science has unquestionably given the West the mastery of material environment. India now has to learn how to combat disease and how to use machinery to facilitate the process of living. In her old field, that of perception of principles, of which scientific truths are but a limited expression, she remains unchallenged. Comfort and education, the multiplicity of things, India would answer her critics, profiteth the soul nothing.

Mr. Zimand has touched on one vital point in his analysis of Hinduism. He says: "Great teachers of other religions have gazed upon the august vision and reported the divinity of the spirit. But only the Hindu seers heard whispered the secret that salvation is to be reached in life, not death." Is this a depressing or pessimistic religion?

Mr. Zimand sums up, in his concluding section, the particular events since the World War, responsible for awakening national self-consciousness in India and giving to party leaders a new strength. The Amritsar tragedy in the spring of 1919 was the starting point of the Non-coöperation movement, led by Gandhi. Mr. Zimand was present in Poona when, in 1924, Gandhi was released from prison, after serving only two of his six years. Word of his release was brought to Gandhi while he was recovering from a serious operation. With restraint and moving simplicity, the picture is drawn—Gandhi being carried in a chair, too weak to stand, down the long corridor, between rows of men in white caps, white shirts, white *dhotis,* his devotees in homespun, whom he greeted with hands folded together in reverence.

When his case was being tried, Gandhi had said: "I have no personal ill-will against any single administrator, much less can I have any disaffection towards the King's person. But I hold it a virtue to be disaffected towards a government which in its totality has done more harm to India than any previous system. India is less manly under the British rule than she ever was before." Some time after his release from prison, Mr. Zimand went to see him at the little fishermen's village near Bombay where he was recuperating. Gandhi was asked to define non-coöperation. "There can be no coöperation without non-coöperation," he replied. "Coöperation with what is good implies non-coöperation with what is evil." He had not changed his view, even though his movement had failed, and he still holds to it. It failed, perhaps, only in a technical sense. Gandhi has assuredly been the means of giving India a sense of national self-consciousness for the first time.

We are led up to the threshold of India's political emancipation. It has not taken place yet. There are some who insist that the time is still far off. Mr. Zimand no doubt discounts the strength of the conservative element, which numbers some important Indians, including, of course, the Indian princes, and he does not attempt to state the British position. Nevertheless, he has understood which way the wind is blowing, not the wind of caprice, but the wind of a people's will.

GERTRUDE EMERSON.

Mr. More, The Demon

The Demon of the Absolute. New Shelburne Essays. Vol. I, by Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 183 pages. $2.50.

AFTER years of serene detachment from modern literature, Mr. More accepts the challenge of his younger contemporaries to illuminate their plight. His condescension in the present volume is a literary event of the first order, and it is a challenge in its turn: the younger men will now have to make up their minds about Mr. More; his attitude is unmistakable. The first thing to be observed in Mr. More's analysis of the contemporary spirit is his lack of serenity, his impatient trick of presenting the opposition with straw men which he proceeds valiantly to knock down; in this, it must be painfully admitted, he is surprisingly like that Absolute Demon of the Relative, H. L. Mencken. He seems, like a schoolmaster, to be peeved at the errors of the men who should have been his pupils, and he accordingly lays most of their mistakes to ignorance. Secondly, one observes that his diagnosis, merely as diagnosis, of the distress of the modern spirit is accurate and profound: he tells modern writers unerringly what their moral deficiencies are, but he doesn't seem to understand why they behave as they do. Mr. More is a critic in the singular position of not having a theory of literature. He has a theory of morals.

That devil is the "Demon of the Absolute" who tells us that the meaning of life is in nature, human or non-human; he takes, consequently, two forms, which Mr. More aptly calls Pure Art and Pure Science. The doctrine of religious dualism, through which Mr. More exposes the fallacy of the Demon, is too well known to require repetition here. It is similar to Professor Babbitt's humanism, but it differs from it in one of the ways in which Plato differs from Aristotle; Aristotle is positive and irreligious; Plato is religious. Babbitt's thought lacks a certain grandiose turn that More achieves through his abstract of Plato. More seems to speak through Plato; he seems, again, to speak through American Protestantism. The point to be kept in mind in analyzing Mr. More's attitude is its failure to assimilate the literal terms of any doctrine. (Plato has no exact terms.) It lacks the living intricacy and subtlety of genuine theology; it becomes, in its vagueness, the vehicle of too much merely personal opinion which, not being responsible to the letter of a philosophical mooring, fails in comprehensiveness; Mr. More repudiates a writer by means of a narrow personal distaste, and we are not reassured by the general soundness of his views. In the present intellectual crisis, we require more than sound views.

The vagueness of Mr. More's philosophy of literature has permitted his response to literature to remain undisciplined; the tendency of indiscipline in any plane of activity is to produce a repetitive mechanism of that activity. If a man so loses control of his total behavior as to let some single habit indefinitely repeat itself, the habit becomes self-perpetuating, mechanical. Mr. More's habit of looking only for certain kinds of moral ideas has got beyond his control, and his judgment of literature is mechanical. This habit in Mr. More deprives him of two qualities indispensable to the critic—curiosity and disinterestedness.

He lacks the impartial curiosity of the truly philosophical mind, for his attempt to understand the last thirty years of literature is badly informed. He will have diffi-

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culty convincing us that Croce and Ortega, two of Mr. More's straw men, stand for the best critical opinion of our time. He gives, among Americans, a great deal of attention to Mr. Dreiser and to Mr. James Branch Cabell. Why must Mr. More select as representative of his ghostly "modernism" the second-rate writers of the age? It is true, as he says, that such persons are merely the backwash of the romantic movement, and in a sense it is true, as he again says, that their deficiency is largely due to bad education. Mr. More, however, sees the writer as morally responsible for his education; yet how a critic with the slightest claim upon the historical sense can hold such a naïve theory of the process of education I am too amazed even to guess.

He assumes that modern writers have failed to equal the great literature of the past simply because they are ignorant of it. At this point Mr. More's conception of literature, nowhere explicitly stated, may be derived. He conceives literature to be a self-perpetuating piece of machinery (I use the terms deliberately), and he thinks that the relation between the writer and his medium is simple and mechanical. The writer has no relation, therefore, to the total moral and religious texture of his age; he is free to write like Dante (given the talent) if he knows and admires Dante; the modern poet may arbitrarily decide to develop his material from Dante's viewpoint. The abstract of this viewpoint being certain moral ideas, literature is the simple medium through which the writer perfunctorily and mechanically exhibits them. The poet decides to believe in them, and, lo, he believes. Here the inference is irresistible that Mr. More has not really understood the great masterpieces of which he sees himself, somewhat arrogantly, the sole guardian. The material of Dante (the damnation of the human soul unless it be redeemed by Grace) is not greatly different from Mr. Joyce's; the difference lies in the different kind of ordering which the perceptions, the emotions, the ideas, receive; the literary form, which Mr. More, if he have any ideas on the subject, thinks the poet takes out of the air, is absolutely identical with this system of ordering the emotions; in Dante's case the system was St. Thomas, and it had the support of a whole culture. Where is there in the modern world a system like it in depth and comprehensiveness that the poet can use? Mr. More seems to conclude (if, indeed, he has read Joyce) that because Leopold Bloom is not shown under the influence of the "inner check," Joyce morally approves of the sordid and meaningless life that his hero lives. If "Ulysses" were labelled "The Horrors of Irreligion and Immorality," Mr. More might have understood it. Mr. More's mind, hardened into a mechanism, is a little too simple for the complex and hidden essences of literature.

It is, in fact, only the labels upon literature that Mr. More likes and understands. The confusion and irresponsibility, he says, of modern literature are due to "that strange theory." . . . The theory is Naturalism, and Mr. More is right. And yet can he seriously believe that poets and novelists of the first talent are able to deal in ideas on the plane of theory? (This notion is of the same piece as the idea of "education.") If they believed in them merely as theories, the ideas would never get effectually into their work. Erasmus Darwin believed theoretically in eighteenth-century science, but his attitude was fundamentally rooted in the supernatural ideas of traditional Europe, and his poetry betrays a lack of fusion between the scientific theories (his subject-matter) and his attitude. There is no theory whatever to cause Mr. More concern. It is only when a vicious set of values circulates in society until it emerges as an instinctive attitude in our best minds that we need to be alarmed. The process may be critically commented upon, but not controlled. Creatively Mr. Joyce and a few others have tried to objectify the attitude in the effort to absolve themselves from it. I daresay Mr. Joyce would be the last person to approve of his own spiritual condition. Mr. More would be the last to understand it.

As a type of mind Mr. More has appeared in most ages. The type is Hegelian. In More, it is true, there is nothing of the evolutionary relation between idea and nature; but there is the superiority of idea to nature, and the covert desire to be done with nature altogether. Yet Mr. More's position in this age is more interesting than his type. Theoretically he is a religious dualist (I am unable to understand a religion that lacks dogma), or at any rate a Platonic humanist advocating a just mean between reason and feeling. But what, actually, is his state of mind? In nearly every page of the present volume there is the very discrepancy between explicit theory and implicit attitude to which I refer above. For he is really, with respect to literature, an eighteenth-century mechanist: his version of literature unmistakably resembles the mechanical version of nature. A few abstractions are made to stand for the whole realm. The mechanical view of nature, as Mr. More acutely tells us, proceeds from an unbalanced intellect. The mechanical view of literature is the phœnix that emerges from the same ash. Unbalanced intellects are the curse of the age; it is the curse which goads Mr. More into arrogance but which, because he shares it in a most elusive form, he cannot see through. Nevertheless, his doctrine, purified and extended by dialectic, and grounded in a profound sense of literary values, may eventually effect our salvation. It will become more complex in form and with respect to its own structure, more rigid; it will be susceptible to a less perfunctory application. For Naturalism in its many aspects is the Demon that has betrayed us into darkness, and played us out.

ALLEN TATE.

Beveridge's Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two vols. 1,348 pages. $12.50.

LEONARD SWETT, one of the "great triumvirate" of the Eighth Illinois Circuit with Judge Davis and Abraham Lincoln, in after years published reminiscences of the great man. He wrote of them to a common friend in 1887: "You will note that I have stricken out all allusion to Mr. Lincoln's swearing, and reading the Bible. . . . The public would believe I lied about it. . . . The heroes of the world are its standard, and in time . . . they become clothed with imaginary virtues."

Such, with few exceptions, has been the attitude of Lincoln's biographers. They have followed the norm established by Cotton Mather's "Pietas in Patriam" for telling the story of a great man of humble origin. Relate only those facts which prove his piety and greatness; suppress or prettify the rest. Some have done this through ignorance, others through timidity, or mere small-mindedness, a defect that Boswell alone could make a virtue. The biographer of a great man should be potentially as great as he, and of all Lincoln's biographers, Beveridge best measures up to the Lincoln standard. He naught

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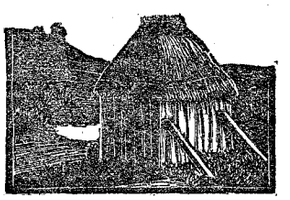

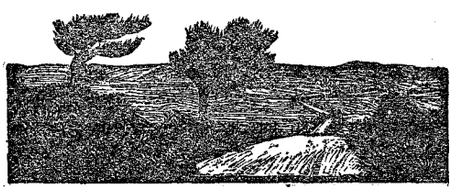

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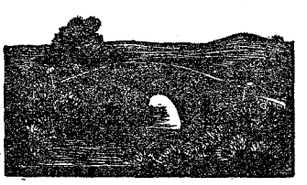

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extenuates, naught sets down in malice; and in his heavily annotated pages, no place has been found to criticize the poor creatures who preceded him.

Not that all biographers of Lincoln were fools or sentimentalists. William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, friend and companion for twenty-five years, published in 1889 a biography of him which told the truth about his early life. There was a howl of public indignation, and the second edition was expurgated. Beveridge, granted access by Herndon's co-author, Jesse W. Weik, to the material which they laboriously gathered, has rehabilitated Herndon while truthfully delineating Lincoln. He has had no mercy for the sentimental myths. Nancy Hanks was an ordinary frontier girl, the natural child (so Lincoln believed) of a Virginia planter; but there is no evidence of her possessing those spiritual qualities which the mothers of American heroes are supposed to have. Lincoln's indifference to his parents was striking, and wholly justified. Ann Rutledge falls out of the picture. It is unlikely that she would have married Lincoln had she lived, and improbable that he thought long or much about her after she died. The Mary Owens affair is told without mincing words, and Lincoln's undeniably vulgar letter about her is printed without comment. Nicolay and Hay did not print the letter in their Life of Lincoln, but wrote gushingly about the "conscience," and "exquisite sensibility" that the letter showed. Herndon's story of Lincoln's strange courtship of Mary Todd, of the wedding which did not come off owing to his panicky absence, and of the gloomy wedding that eventually took place—a story ignored by Nicolay and Hay and indignantly denied by others—is here repeated, solidly buttressed by the testimony of Mrs. Lincoln's sister. The duel with Shields—whom Nicolay and Hay misrepresent as a swaggering frontier bully—is told in full detail, leaving one with the feeling that by the standards of the day Lincoln deserved a thrashing. Beveridge's conclusion to this affair is typical of his judicial attitude: "At last his habit, formed in boyhood, of ridiculing other persons through offensive anonymous writing, had been sternly checked. . . . Never did Lincoln forget that experience. . . . From the time of the Shields duel Lincoln was infinitely circumspect and considerate in his dealings with others."

If any flash of greatness escaped Lincoln before his forty-fifth year, it left no trace on historical record. He differed from hundreds of other Mid-Western lawyers of his day and generation only in his inflexible honesty, his great personal ambition, and his puzzling alternations of gaiety and gloom. He was not a great lawyer, and unsuccessful with the political methods of the age: obtaining his first election through a gang of young ruffians, later organizing the "shrewd, wild boys about town," subordinating all in his first legislative session to getting the state capital transferred to Springfield. Obtaining a seat in Congress on the plea that "turn about is fair play," Lincoln played so inconspicuous a part in Washington that it is almost impossible to find out what he did, outside the recorded debates. At the conclusion of that term, in 1848, he went into political eclipse. True, he showed at that time an eagerness to learn and a capacity to grow that prepared him for great events. Yet even in the late fifties Lincoln "neither led nor retarded mass movements, but accurately registered them." In contrast with bold, direct leaders like Sumner and Toombs, Lincoln "by instinct as well as mind, understood and responded to the sinuosities, twists, and contradictions through which a democracy expresses itself." He had the practical politician's aver-

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sion to the slavery issue. He was an old-line Whig, who disapproved the formation of the new party which was destined to invoke his name in every election to the present. Even in the last few years before the war, when Lincoln's speeches began to ring with clear notes of prescience and sincerity, he was politically cautious. Stephen Douglas, breaking with his own party administration, showed himself the braver man, as Beveridge is the first biographer of Lincoln to admit. Not that Beveridge leads one to despise Lincoln's caution. On the contrary, one feels that if Beveridge had lived he would have blurted out the conclusion to which he was fast coming, that the formation of the Republican party was a mistake, that the South was virtually forced into secession, and that the danger which Lincoln feared, of the further spread of slavery, was imaginary.

From this inadequate outline, it must not be supposed that Beveridge has disparaged Lincoln. Indeed, Lincoln seems greater than ever, when it is brought home to us that at the age of forty-five he was still an unhappily married small-town lawyer and politician. Beveridge's own experience gave him unique power to interpret Lincoln's political maneuvers; and he believed that practical politics, with the knowledge they give of handling men, was the basis of Lincoln's statesmanship. There is, perhaps, some want of spiritual insight on the biographer's part; he deals only with things seen. Lincoln's long periods of melancholy abstraction, the note of destiny and doom reflected faintly through the cautious letters of his wondering friends, the receptivity which in time of stress gave him the inspiration to say or do the right thing when more learned and experienced men were befogged, are almost submerged in a multitude of objective facts. Against this want may be set many others well filled: a candid account of Lincoln's law practice; the "House Divided" speech printed with the proper emphasis just as Lincoln proofread it for the Illinois State Journal; careful studies of movements in which Lincoln was interested, such as the Kansas question, which explain an otherwise unintelligible course; a detailed account, as cold-blooded and realistic as Charles Beard's, of the formation of the Republican party. On the whole, this is incomparably the greatest story of Lincoln's life before his presidency. It was a cruel stroke that took Beveridge from us before he reached the Civil War.

The more regrettable because these two volumes show such growth and development compared with the "Life of Marshall" that we had every reason to expect something of epic grandeur when Beveridge reached the years of storm and stress. He had no general philosophy in history, other than an ardent love of country and of truth. Self-trained in historical research, he yet admired experts, cultivated the friendship of professional historians, and respected their judgments. Not content, like most biographers, to get up his history from the most convenient secondary work, he went to the bottom of every movement in which Marshall or Lincoln was concerned, from the Federal Convention to the Dred Scott decision. Occasionally his intense admiration for Marshall blinded him to the virtues of Marshall's opponents; but in the "Life of Lincoln" he shows a firm grasp of the great truth that both sides are often right. In only one instance, to my observation, have Beveridge's prepossessions led him astray: in the Mexican War, where his strong nationalism could not tolerate the Whig argument, and where he has presented a background against which Lincoln's opposition to the war seems foolish, or worse.

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Beveridge was fond of saying that historians should write for the public instead of for each other, and he had a talent for providing the background to make historical biography intelligible. He worked at high pressure, concentrating on one episode or brief period before going on to the next, making a trial audience of his family, friends and guests for his discoveries and judgments. His vitality and enthusiasm made him seek such contacts, and by talking about what he was studying, Beveridge clarified his mind, expelled the irrelevant, and marshalled the indispensable facts in orderly procession. Few would rank him with literary historians like Parkman and Macaulay, but the literary critics should not be misled by his pages heavy with footnotes, or his paragraphs spotted with quotations, into supposing that he had no style. He developed an excellent narrative style because he regarded history primarily as a story. History may be subjective or objective, the mirror of truth or a tissue of lies, but it must impart a sense of movement or it is not history. And how seldom do we find movement in the historical literature of today! Beveridge, by an apparently artless but really well thought-out arrangement of facts, has produced the sort of narrative that leads the reader on from page to page, and absorbs him completely in the subject.

Beveridge was a victim of our political system, which leaves no place for the defeated candidate. He was one of those stranded by the collapse of the Progressive party. The system, in this instance, did the country a great service; for no mere political achievement could have done for the nation what the "Life of Marshall" and the "Life of Lincoln" have done and will do. Yet to us who knew him, the radiant personality of Albert J. Beveridge outshines the luster of his two great works. We shall always remember him as a loyal and affectionate friend, a helpful and stimulating companion, whose joy in his work made the long task of historical research a blithe and brave adventure.

S. E. MORISON.

Mokokit-ki-ackamimat

The American Indian Frontier, by William Christie Macleod. The History of Civilization Series. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 598 pages. $7.50.

The Problem of Indian Administration, by the Institute for Government Research, under the technical direction of Lewis Meriam. Report of a Survey Made at the Request of Honorable Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 872 pages. $5.

Desert Drums: The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, 1540-1928, by Leo Crane. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 393 pages. $5.

Long Lance, by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 278 pages. $2.50.

UNTIL I spent two months on an American Indian reservation in the Northwest and became interested in the present-day struggle of the Indian for mere existence—let alone readjustment—I took it for granted that everyone shuddered a bit in contemplation of the brutal behavior of the white intruders toward the aboriginal landlords of North America. But many to whom I talked—East and West—blandly denied the continuously disagreeable facts of white-Indian relations, even though recognized by the most reliable American historians.

For such as these and for others who may be more

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sophisticated in international affairs than in Americana, "The American Indian Frontier," the latest volume in the formidable "History of Civilization" series, will prove a bitter but wholesome tonic. Mr. Macleod, assistant professor in the department of finance in the Wharton and Graduate Schools of the University of Pennsylvania, comes to his subject equipped with a rich background of previously published research in aboriginal North American economics and social origins.

Most friends of the Indians are accused of being "sentimental," especially by those who approach the Indians with some ulterior motive connected with Indian real estate or oil wells. The author refuses to treat his subject "sentimentally," but there is no need for him to inject an emotional bias into the text. The facts, amply documented, speak for themselves.

From the time the Spaniards drove the helpless Indians in forced labor gangs into the mines of Mexico and Central America to the pathetic surrender of Chief Joseph to Colonel Miles in 1877, the record is a humiliating triumph of might over decency. All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten the horny palms of the pioneers.

The population of pre-Columbian Latin America is unknown, but at the present time, Indians and mixed bloods make up from 80 to 100 percent of the population of Mexico, the Isthmian republics and South America. The Indian has flourished in Latin America. Full-bloods and *mestizos* are over the hundred million mark. It is Mr. Macleod's conviction that the Spanish *encomienda,* or forced labor system, evil as it was, segregated the Indians from degrading contacts with Europeans and saved them from extinction. Contrary to the popularly accepted belief, there are not, in the opinion of the author, as many Indians in the United States today as there were before the arrival of the whites. The pre-European Indian population, according to the latest scientific estimates, was at least three millions. There are not more than one hundred thousand full-bloods north of Mexico today.

What happened to the North American Indian? Why is he "as near extinction as the bison?" Venereal diseases, first brought to the West Indies by Columbus' men and carried to Mexico by Cortes' army, and small-pox, tuberculosis and measles, diseases indigenous to the Old World, against which the Indian had no immunity, took devastating tolls. Fire-water, so generously sold by every trader, led to degeneration. White massacres of Indians and white wars on the North American continent in which the tribes were persuaded to take sides made a fairly clean job of exterminating the rest.

A handful are left. To the ethnologists they have been museums of research resulting in brilliant papers at Americanist congresses on such subjects as the Natchez social system and the distribution of musical styles in North America. The Natchez, with their unique political and social organization, have, like many other tribes, been exterminated. Indian music, at least, has not yet been relegated to the historical tense. Against a circle of tepees piercing the star-sprinkled azure sky of a Montana summer night I have heard them—the old Indians who remember the buffalo days—chanting wild and blood-stirring tribal songs and lifting moccasined feet to the rhythm of drums which fire one with primeval longings. That Indians still can sing, that their music is not frozen in their hearts, is an encouraging sign for the dawn of an Indian tomorrow.

And to the Indian tomorrow Americans who feel any sense of responsibility must contribute a practical solution which will help the Indians save their finer racial tradi-

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tions and at the same time find honorable place in a modern world not of their making. Not one, but many, practical solutions have been proposed by the Institute for Government Research, which, with a staff of nine specialists under the technical direction of Lewis Meriam, made a seven-months' survey of all the Indian reservations at the request of Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior. The record of their findings and recommendations has recently been published as "The Problem of Indian Administration." Not since Helen Hunt Jackson swept the country a half-century ago with her challenging denunciation of the Indian situation has such a scathing rebuke been dealt to the administration of Indian affairs as in this report.

The indictment is all the more effective because no allusion is made to the historical treatment of the Indians and because carefully weighed language is employed to convey criticism which aims to be constructive. One feels that the Institute staff deliberated long before they framed the significant chapters on health, education, and family life.

The staff in the field made a thorough investigation of everything and everybody on the reservations. The same standards that are acceptable to a competent social service in any progressive American community were applied to measure the efficiency of the government Indian service.

The results of the investigation are depressing and shameful. "The provisions for the care of Indian children in boarding schools are grossly inadequate." With a *per capita* allowance for food of eleven cents a day, Indian children, generally suffering from malnutrition, often develop tuberculosis from their deficient, near-starvation diet. The dormitories are overcrowded, the plumbing unsatisfactory. The teaching staff is deplorably below standards required by white public schools, the antiquated educational system does not equip the Indian boy or girl to earn a living or exert initiative. The conditions in Indian hospitals and sanitariums were found to be equally appalling. Except on reservations where the Five Year Industrial program has been successfully launched, little intelligent effort has been made to teach the Indian to farm or to raise his economic status. The same story is told of every department.

The survey staff jointly recommends a new educational program for the Indians which will mean a drastic reorganization of the Indian Bureau, the services of experts in many fields, the raising of standards and salaries for employees—in short, the appropriation by Congress of about ten million dollars a year more than is now being expended.

That "an overwhelming majority of the Indians are poor, even extremely poor, and they are not adjusted to the economic and social system of the dominant white civilization," is a pretty commentary on the value of "services" rendered to its "wards" by the richest government in the world. The survey staff makes the obvious clear: that the Indians must "be absorbed into the prevailing civilization or be fitted to live in the presence of that civilization at least in accordance with a minimum standard of health and decency."

In the dreary desert of white and Indian relationships, one comes upon an occasional oasis. Leo Crane, who spent more than twenty years in the Indian service, is one of those rare individuals with a harmonious insight into the traditions and problems of an alien race. In "Desert Drums," he gives the past history and present life of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Mr. Crane, having resigned from the Indian service in 1925, feels free to speak frankly of the difficulties of struggling against red-tape officialdom and of furnishing sinecures (which the Indian service of all federal departments can least afford

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to do) for the protégés of political tsars. He takes one into the Corona Corona atmosphere where the notorious Bursum Bill was framed—a malodorous attempt to deprive the Pueblo Indians of their lands—and he shows how Albert Bacon Fall, whose altruistic attitude toward the Indians has long been recognized at its true value, could break any puppet in the Indian service who did not do his bidding. The intimate pictures of Pueblo life by Mr. Crane, who, although a government official, was accepted as a friend by the desert Indians, justly suspicious of outsiders, give the book authentic value.

Most books about Indians have been written by white ethnologists, historians or novelists. Rarely does an Indian speak for his own people. Except among friends he is reticent in speaking of his life or his beliefs. Buffalo Child Long Lance, a member of the Blood Indians of Alberta, Canada—tribal brothers of the Montana Blackfeet—has written in simple, moving English the reminiscences of his Indian childhood.

What epochs of experience the author has lived through in a few brief decades! As a child he hunted the last of the buffalo and trailed along with a war expedition against the Crows; he caught wild horses and watched the seers of his tribe make powerful medicine. But the days of the free Indians of the Northern plains were coming to an end. Long Lance and his small companions were sent to school. They were ashamed. They could not be warriors and hunters like their fathers. But Long Lance took one wistful look back to the ways of his ancestors and then turned to the distant beckoning Eastern horizon. He distinguished himself at Carlisle, won a post-graduate scholarship at St. John's Military Academy and was appointed to West Point by President Wilson. He sacrificed this opportunity to enter the Canadian army in 1916 and was mustered out of service at the end of the War with decorations and a captain's commission.

He ends his book with a bugle note calling his people to fling off their lethargy and revive their ancient courage:

> But the new day is here: it is here to stay. And now we must leave it to our old people to sit stolidly and dream of the glories of our past. Our job is to try to fit ourselves into the new scheme of life which the Great Spirit has decreed for North America. And we will do that, keeping always before us the old Blackfoot proverb: *Mokokit-ki-ackamimat*—Be wise and persevere.

ELSIE WEIL.

Contributors

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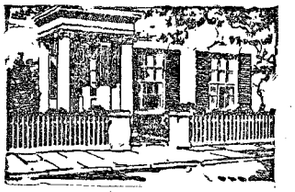

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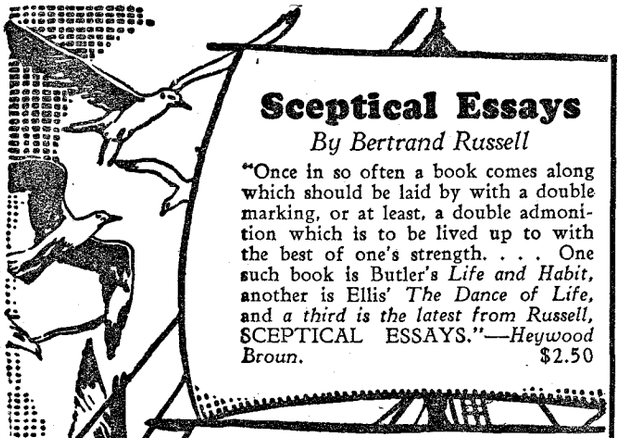

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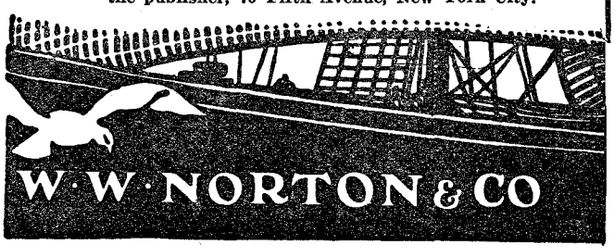

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